



MARVEL

17

NICIEZA
ZIRCHER
M3TH@UDON

CABLE & DEADPOOL



The New Avengers and the Astonishing X-Men met to discuss the fate of Wanda Maximoff, the Scarlet Witch—the daughter of the powerful mutant terrorist Magneto. After losing control of her reality-altering powers and suffering a total nervous breakdown, Wanda unleashed chaos upon the Avengers, killing and injuring many of their number. Magneto intervened and took his daughter to the devastated island-nation of Genosha, where Charles Xavier—Professor X, the founder of the X-Men—was to help her recover. Xavier failed, and now it is up to Wanda's friends and teammates to decide whether she will live or die. But Magneto, Wanda, and her brother Pietro disappear...

Then the world burns to white. Reality as we knew it is gone...

...to be replaced by a society in which humans are the oppressed minority and mutants run the culture, ruling over all existing countries, religions, and politics. A kingdom united under the House of M.

HOUSE OF M

CABLE & DEADPOOL

ENEMY OF THE STATE

PART THREE: "HOUSE OF MMMM"

FABIAN NICIEZA | PATRICK ZIRCHER | UDON'S M3TH | GOTHAM | VC'S CORY PETIT
WRITER | PENCILER | INKER | COLORIST | LETTERS

CABLE CREATED BY
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I AM DEATH! I AM A HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE! ONCE, I WAS WARREN WORTHINGTON, THE WINGED-MUTANT CALLED ARCHANGEL!

A VENOMOUS POX ON THIS PAGE! I REGURGITATE BOTULISM AND BILE ON THIS PAGE!

ANY AND ALL BE FOREWARNED-- THIS IS THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE!

NO ONE CARES, YA PANSY! YA DON'T EVEN APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE ANYWAYS. THIS IS JUST A RECAP PAGE.

GEEZ... WILL YA LET ME--OKAY? WE'RE FROM AN ALTERNATE EARTH--DIF'RENT VERSIONS OF CHARACTERS MOST OF YOU KNOW--HE'S ARCHANGEL AN' HE'S SPIDER-MAN-- AND I'M HERCULES.

YOU ARE NOT! YOU WERE THE BLOB!

OKAY, WHATEVER. ANYWAYS, ON OUR WORLD, THE MUTANT MONSTER CALLED APOCALYPSE HAD BASICALLY FRICASSEED THE ENTIRE PLANET. WE'RE HIS MUSCLE.

THIS GUY NAMED DEADPOOL, HE'S A MERC WITH A MOUTH, CAME FROM HIS EARTH TO OURS LOOKING FOR HIS BUDDY, CABLE-- BIG GUY, WHITE HAIR, GLOWING EYE, TECHNO-ORGANIC ARM AN' STUFF.

WHO WAS REVEALED ON OUR WORLD TO BE THE HORSEMAN, WAR.

GLORY TO APOCALYPSE!

YOU'RE ALMOST GETTIN' THE HANG OF IT, WINGS. ANYWAYS, SINCE OUR WORLD'S CABLE WASN'T HIS CABLE, DEADPOOL USED HIS TELEPORTING ABILITY COMBINED WITH SOME FUNKY INTERGALACTIC HARNESS THINGIE TO LEAVE OUR WORLD AN' ESCAPE TO ANOTHER ALTERNATE EARTH.

AN' HE BOUNCED TO SEVERAL OTHER ALTERNATE EARTHS IN HIS SEARCH, FINDING DIFFERENT VARIATIONS OF CABLE ON EACH ONE.

DON'T FORGET ABOUT SIRYN AND CANNONBALLS.

NO "S," I DON'T THINK.

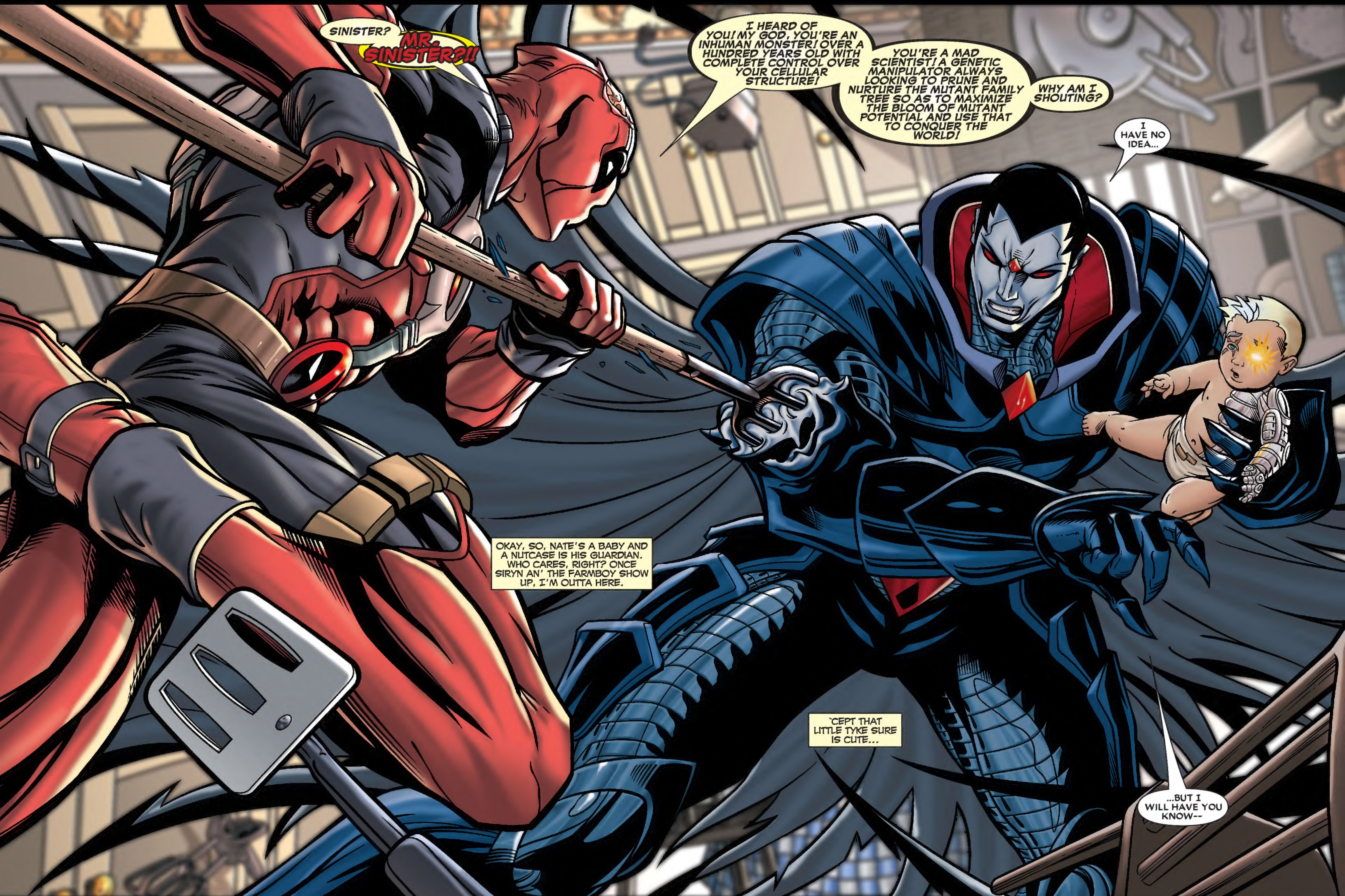
PRETTY SURE SIRYN HAS AN "S."

NEVER MIND-- ANYWAYS, DEADPOOL'S GOT TWO HANDLERS KEEPIN' AN EYE ON HIM. SIRYN AND CANNONBALL, MUTANTS WHO WERE PART OF THE X-FORCE TEAM CABLE USED TO LEAD.

THEY LAG ABOUT THREE MINUTES BEHIND EACH OF HIS JUMPS. SO, AFTER DEADPOOL LEFT THE LAST WORLD, HE ENDED UP ON WHAT HE THINKS IS ANOTHER ALTERNATE WORLD. NOW, HE'S ON A NICE NEBRASKA FARM--

--AN' INSIDE THE FARM HE FOUND A BABY...WITH WHITE HAIR, A GLOWIN' EYE AN' A TECHNO-ORGANIC ARM!

CABLE IS A BABY, AND HIS NANNY IS...



SINISTER?

MR.
SINISTER?!!

I HEARD OF
YOU! MY GOD, YOU'RE AN
INHUMAN MONSTER! OVER A
HUNDRED YEARS OLD WITH
COMPLETE CONTROL OVER
YOUR CELLULAR
STRUCTURE!

YOU'RE A MAD
SCIENTIST! A GENETIC
MANIPULATOR ALWAYS
LOOKING TO PRUNE AND
NURTURE THE MUTANT FAMILY
TREE SO AS TO MAXIMIZE
THE BLOOM OF MUTANT
POTENTIAL AND USE THAT
TO CONQUER THE
WORLD!

WHY AM I
SHOUTING?

I
HAVE NO
IDEA...

OKAY, SO, NATE'S A BABY AND
A NUTCASE IS HIS GUARDIAN.
WHO CARES, RIGHT? ONCE
SIRYN AN' THE FARMBOY SHOW
UP, I'M OUTTA HERE.

'CEPT THAT
LITTLE TYKE SURE
IS CUTE...

...BUT I
WILL HAVE YOU
KNOW--



--I AM NONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU SAID! WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE "COMPLETE CONTROL OVER MY CELLULAR STRUCTURE" PART...

THIS GUY CAN MAKE HIS BODY DO ANYTHING. NOTE TO SELF: INTRODUCE CELLULAR STRUCTURE OF MR. SINISTER TO OLSEN TWINS.

AAHK--I'M PRETTY SURE I'LL BE NEEDING THAT ESOPHAGUS.

UHM...IS THAT DAZZLER ON TV?

THAT IS *Alison!*

EVERYONE KNOWS WHO ALISON BLAIRE IS. TALK SHOW, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, MOVIES.

TO NOT KNOW HER, YOU WOULD HAVE TO BE A HERMIT, OR AN IDIOT...

WELL, I AM AN IDIOT...



THE NAME YOU USED EARLIER... YOU CALLED THIS BABY... CABLE?

WELL, ACTUALLY HIS NAME IS NATHAN.



WHAT IS HIS SURNAME?

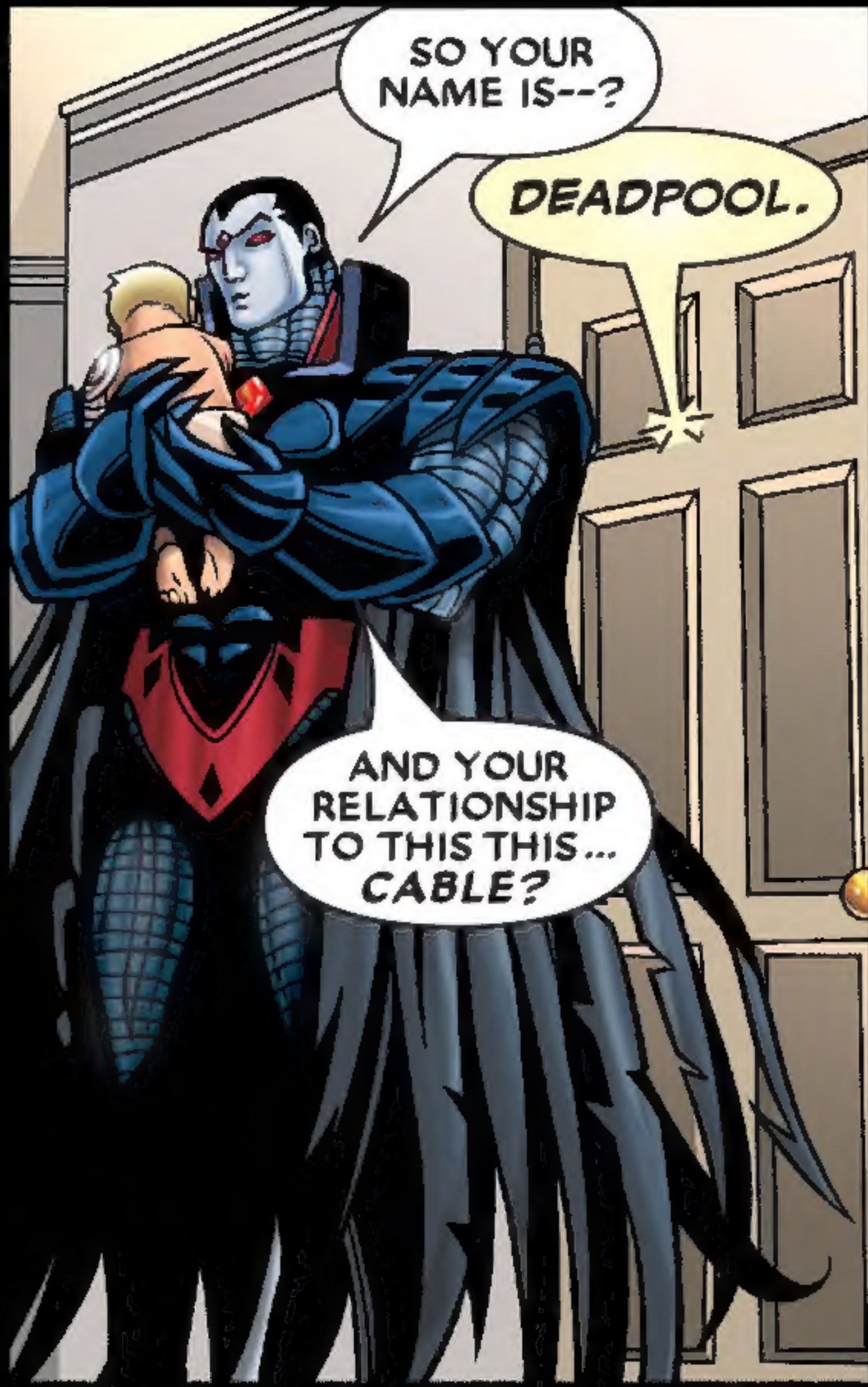
THAT GETS A BIT HYPHENATED. HEY, LISTEN, BY ANY CHANCE, CAN I USE YOUR BATH-ROOM?



I MEAN, I HAVEN'T GONE IN LIKE FOUR DAYS AND--

DOWN THE HALL, FIRST DOOR ON YOUR RIGHT.

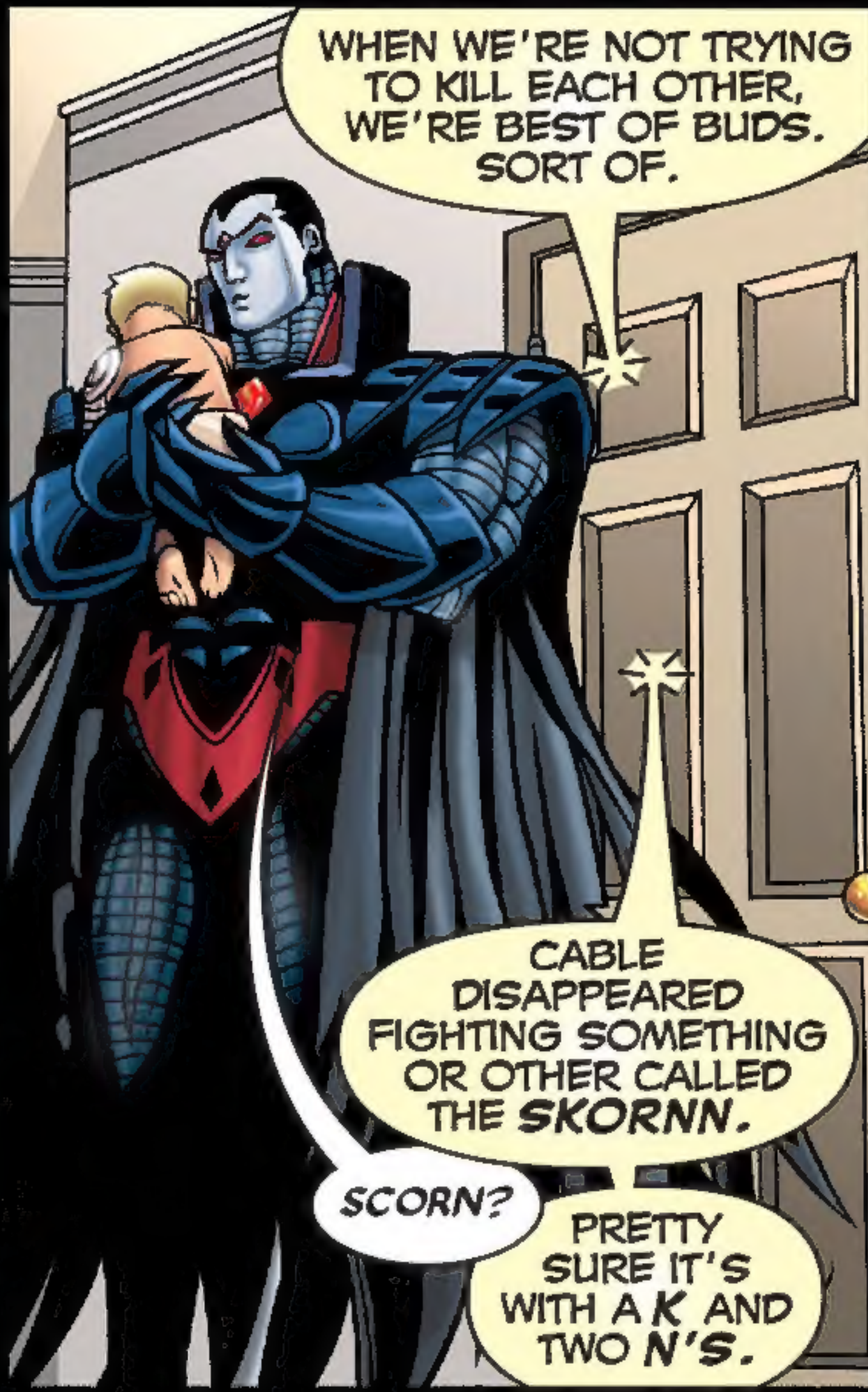
YOU'RE THE BEST MAD SCIENTIST EVER!



SO YOUR NAME IS--?

DEADPOOL.

AND YOUR RELATIONSHIP TO THIS THIS... CABLE?

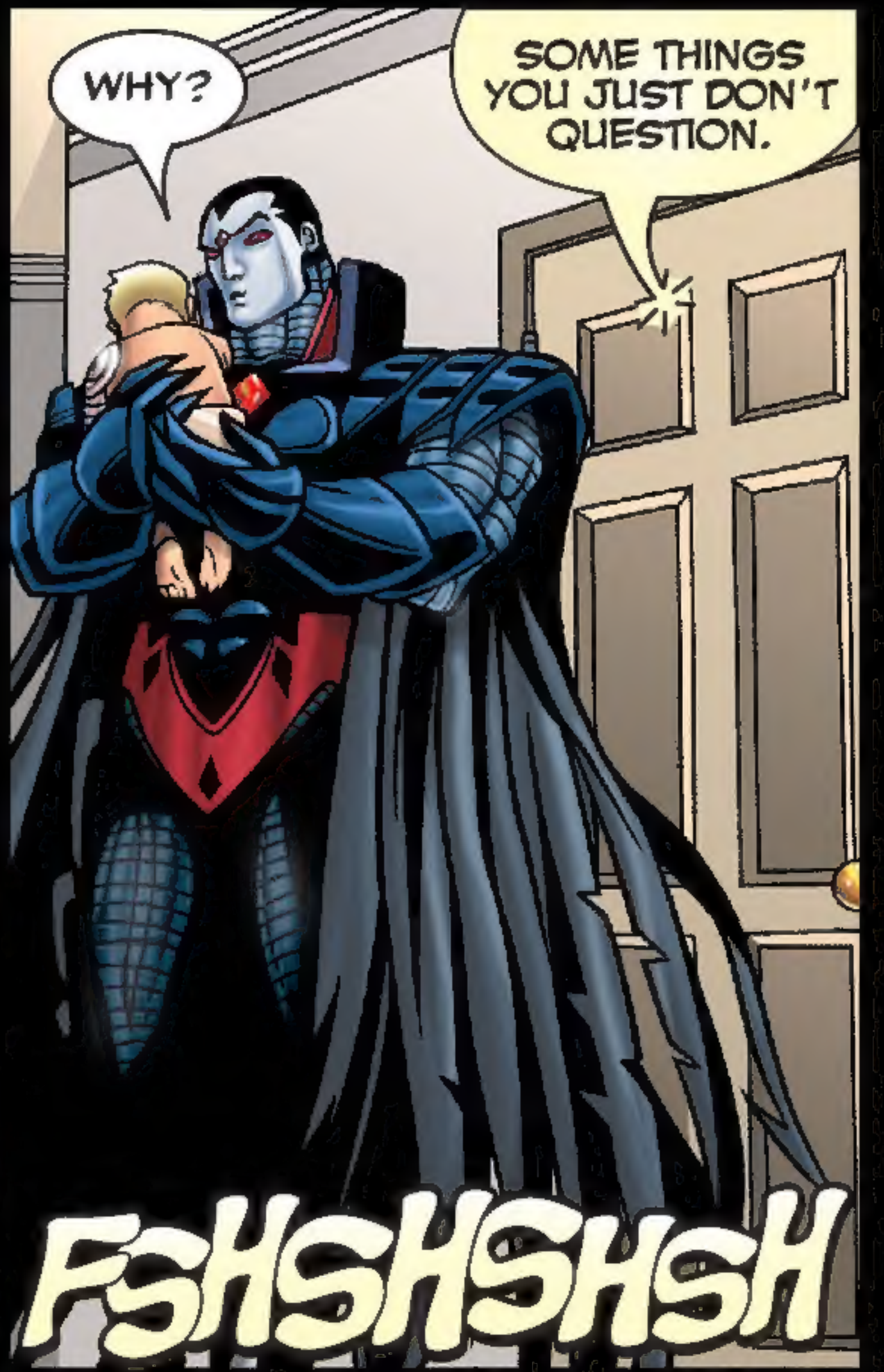


WHEN WE'RE NOT TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER, WE'RE BEST OF BUDS. SORT OF.

CABLE DISAPPEARED FIGHTING SOMETHING OR OTHER CALLED THE SKORNN.

SCORNN?

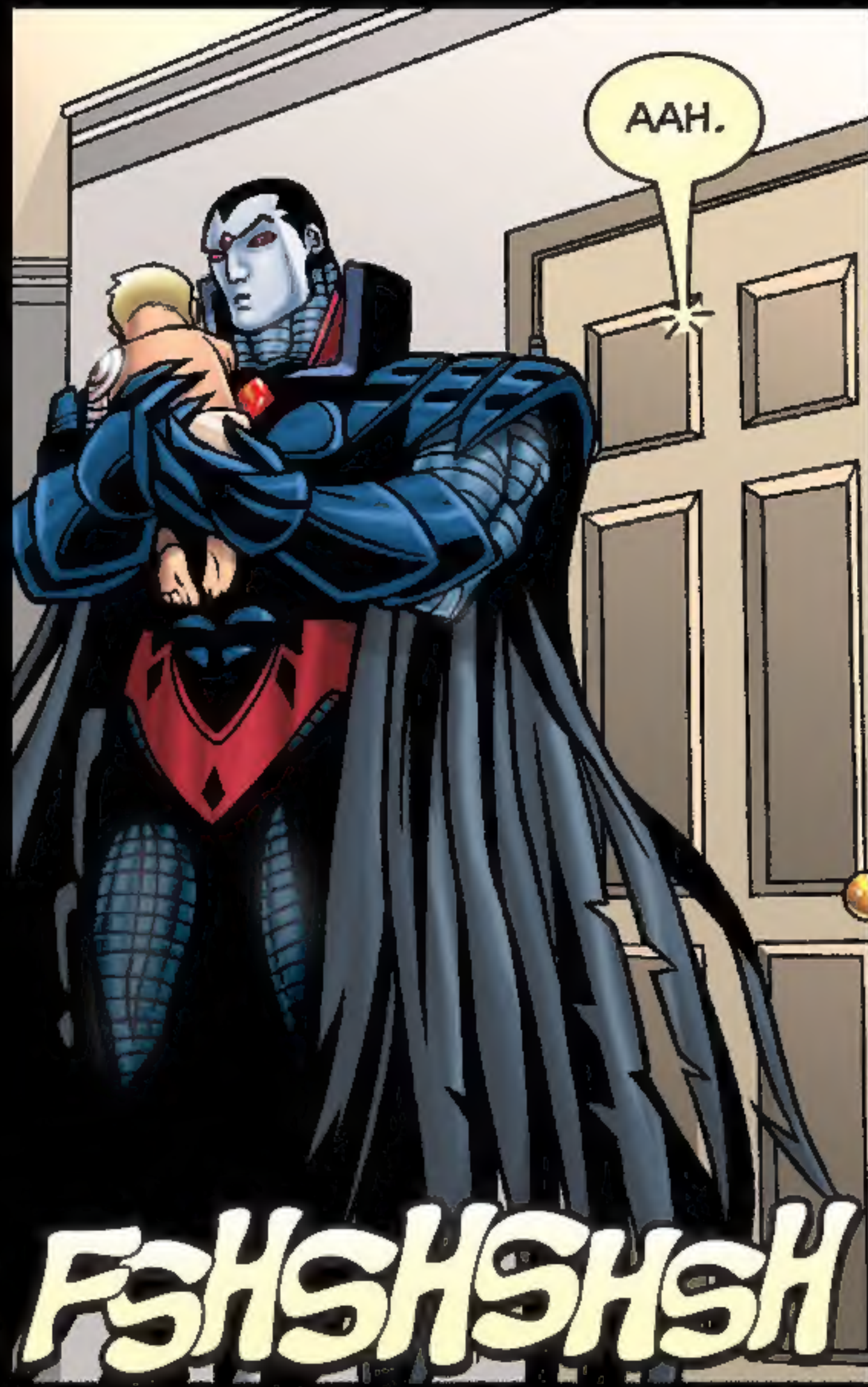
PRETTY SURE IT'S WITH A K AND TWO N'S.



WHY?

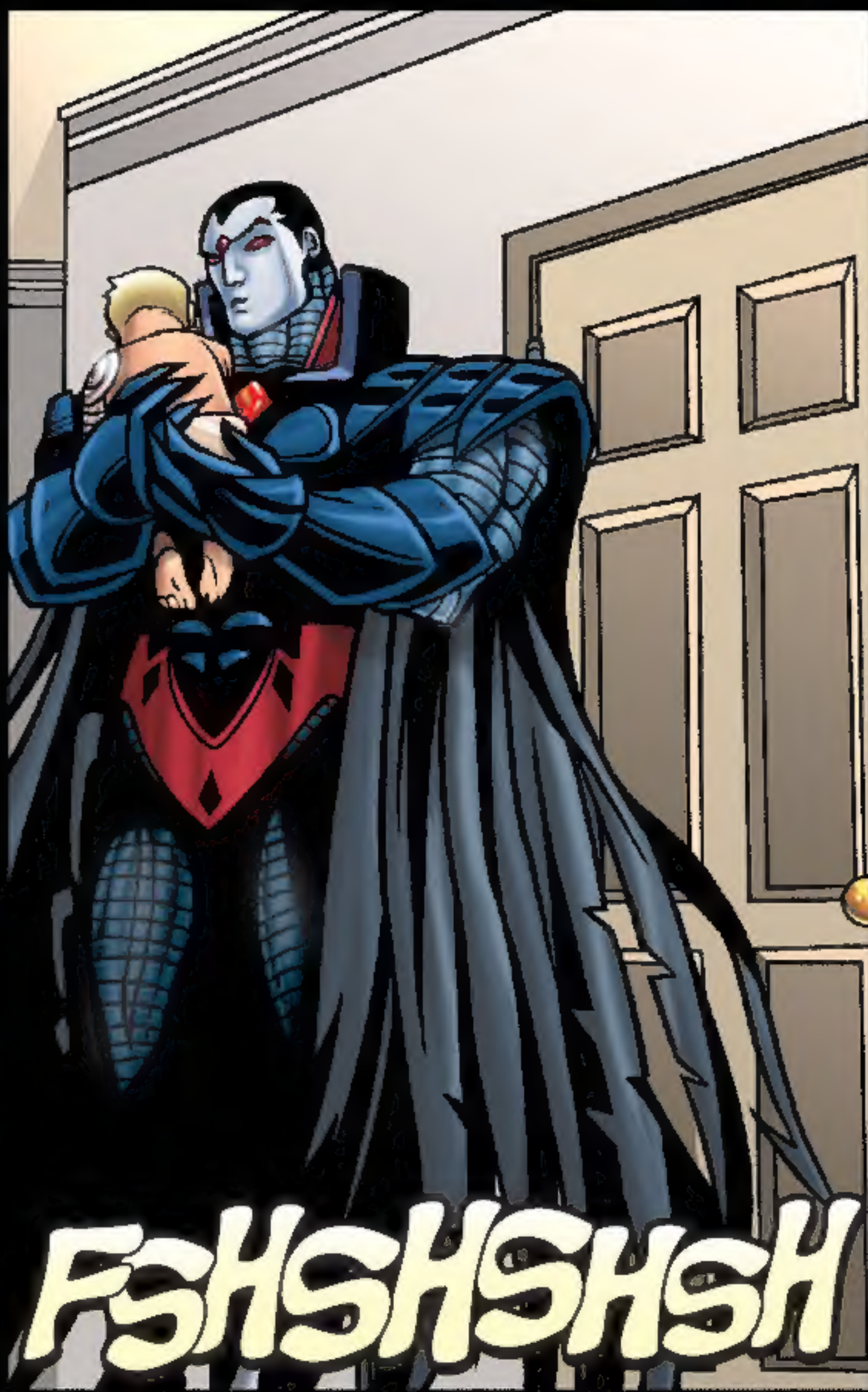
SOME THINGS YOU JUST DON'T QUESTION.

FSHSHSHSH

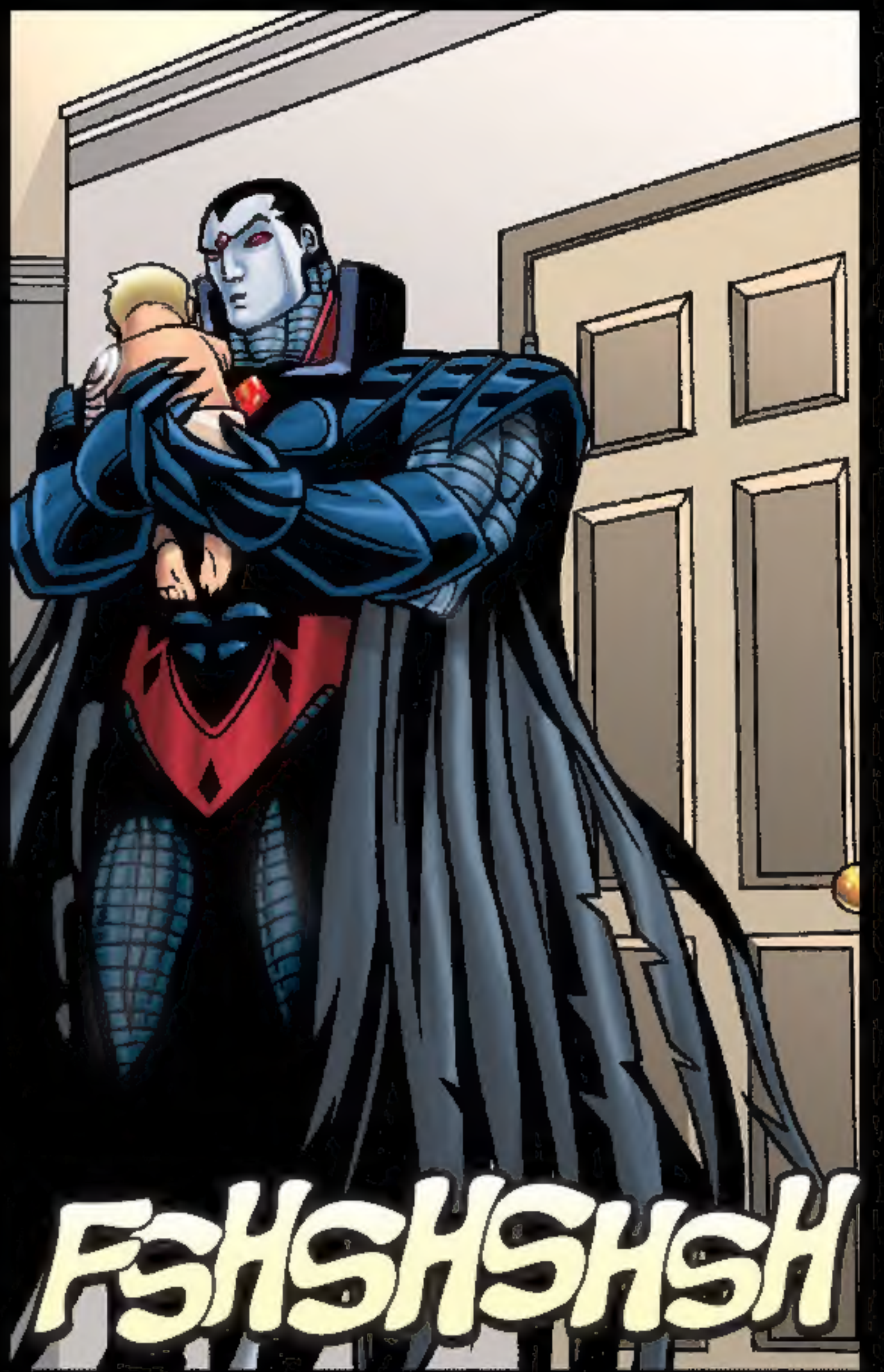


AAH.

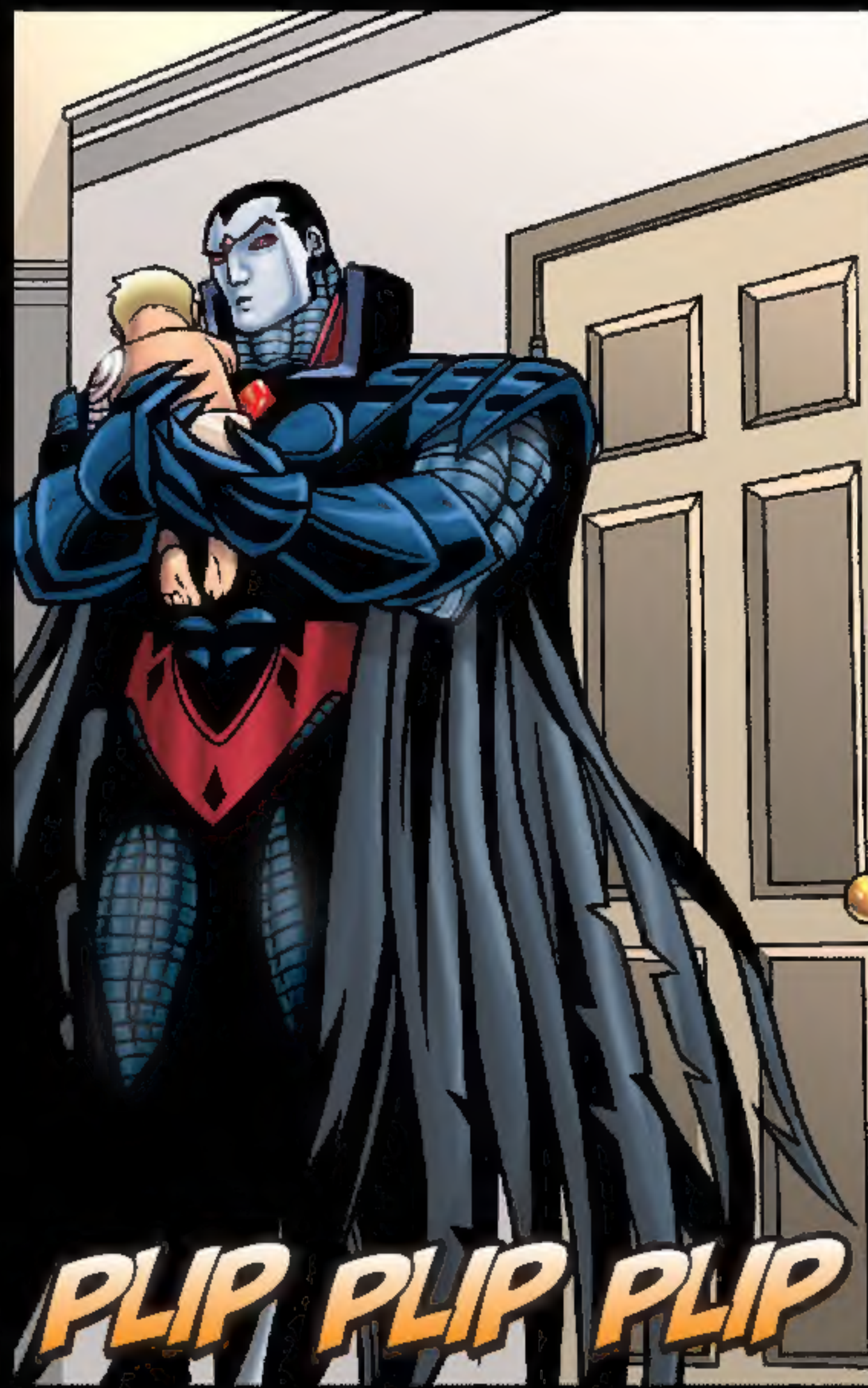
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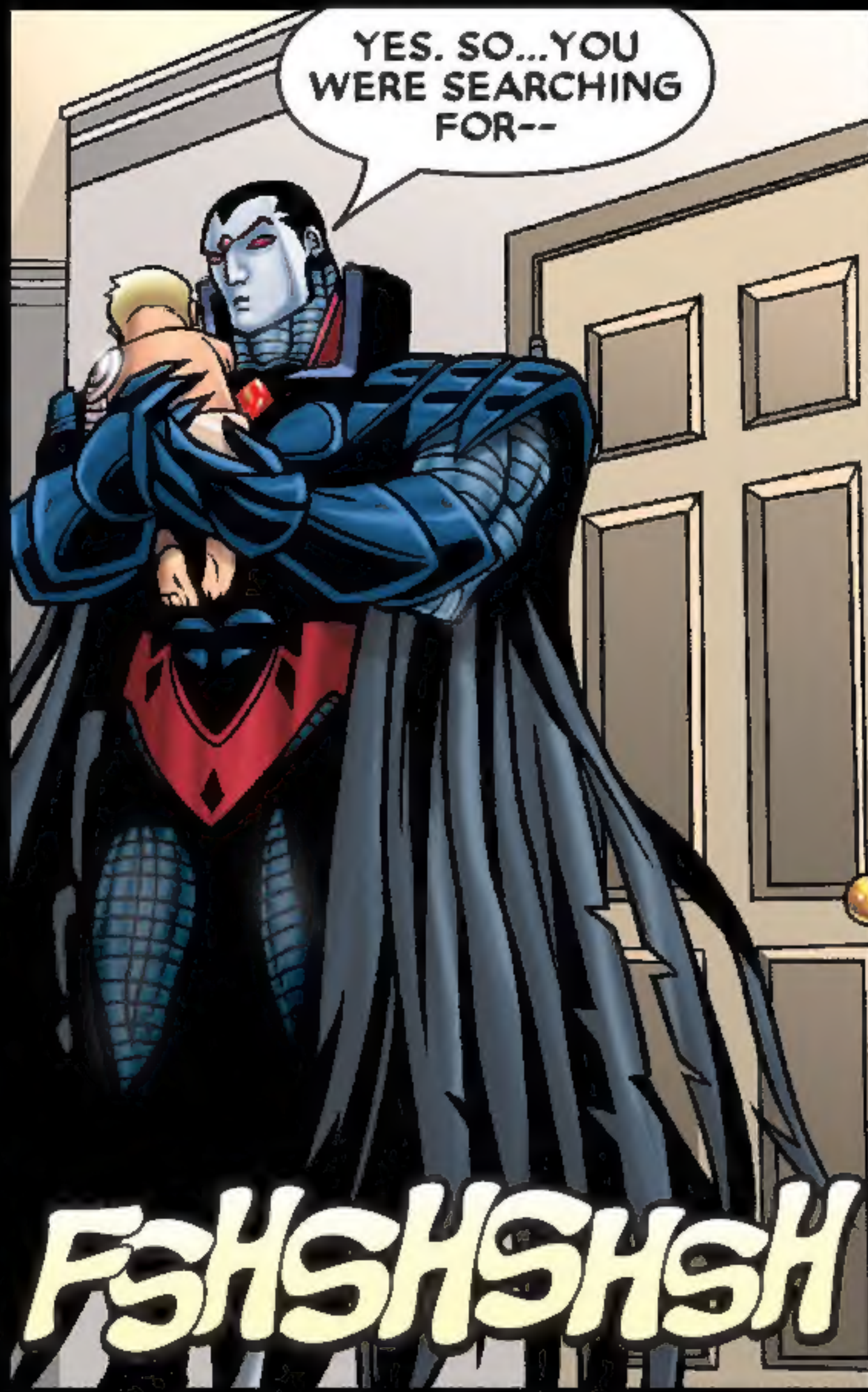
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FSHSHSHSH



PLIP PLIP PLIP

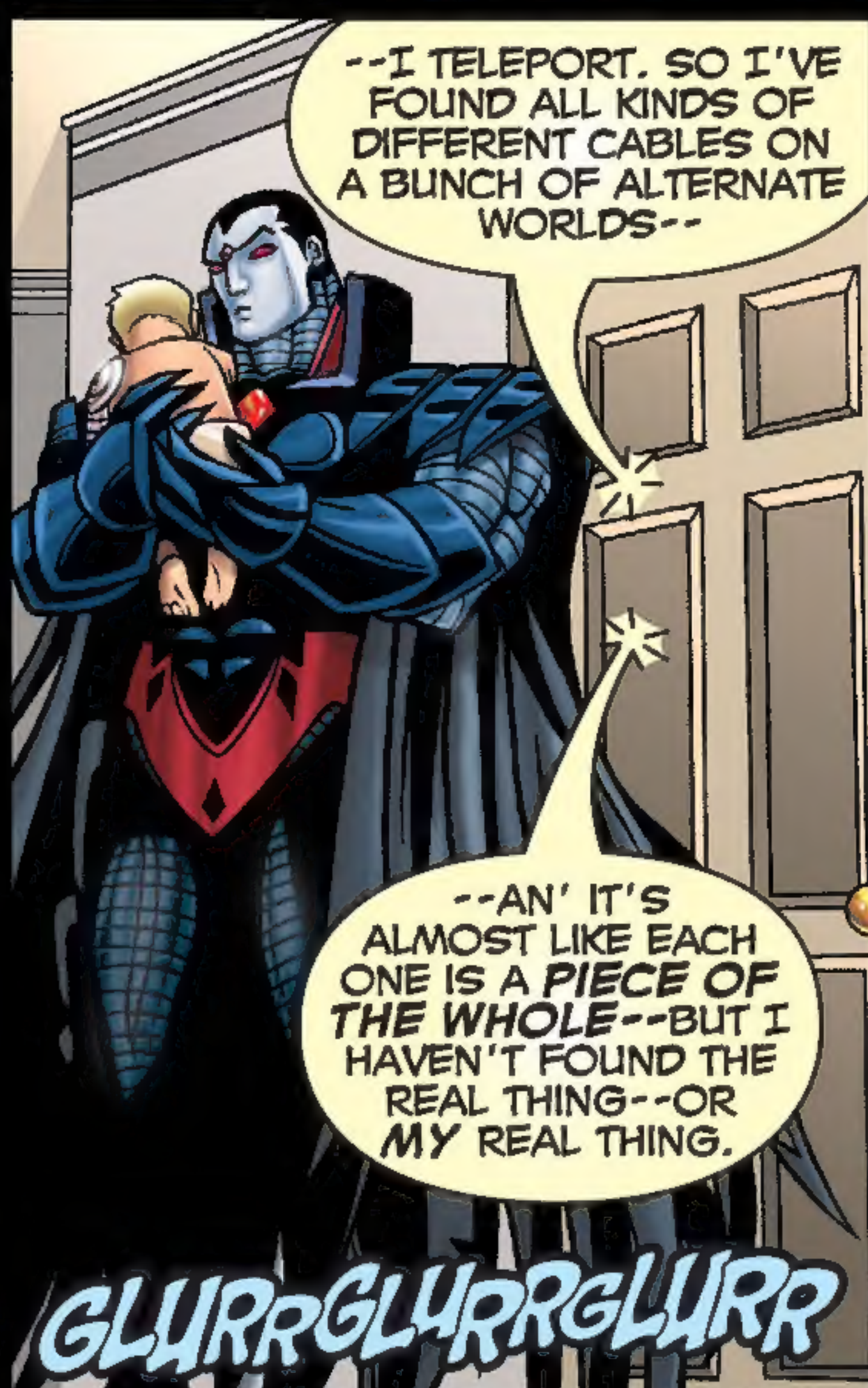
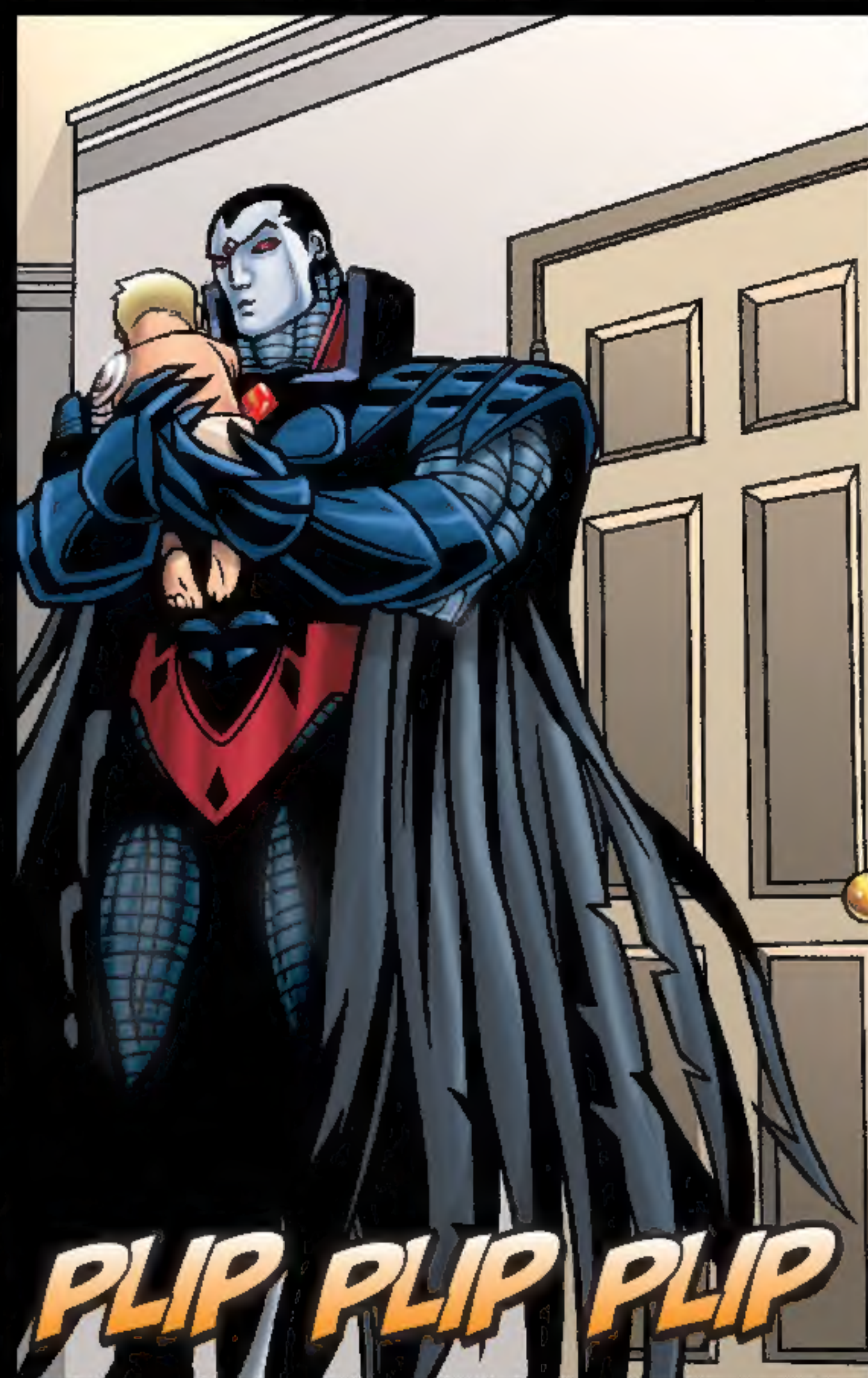
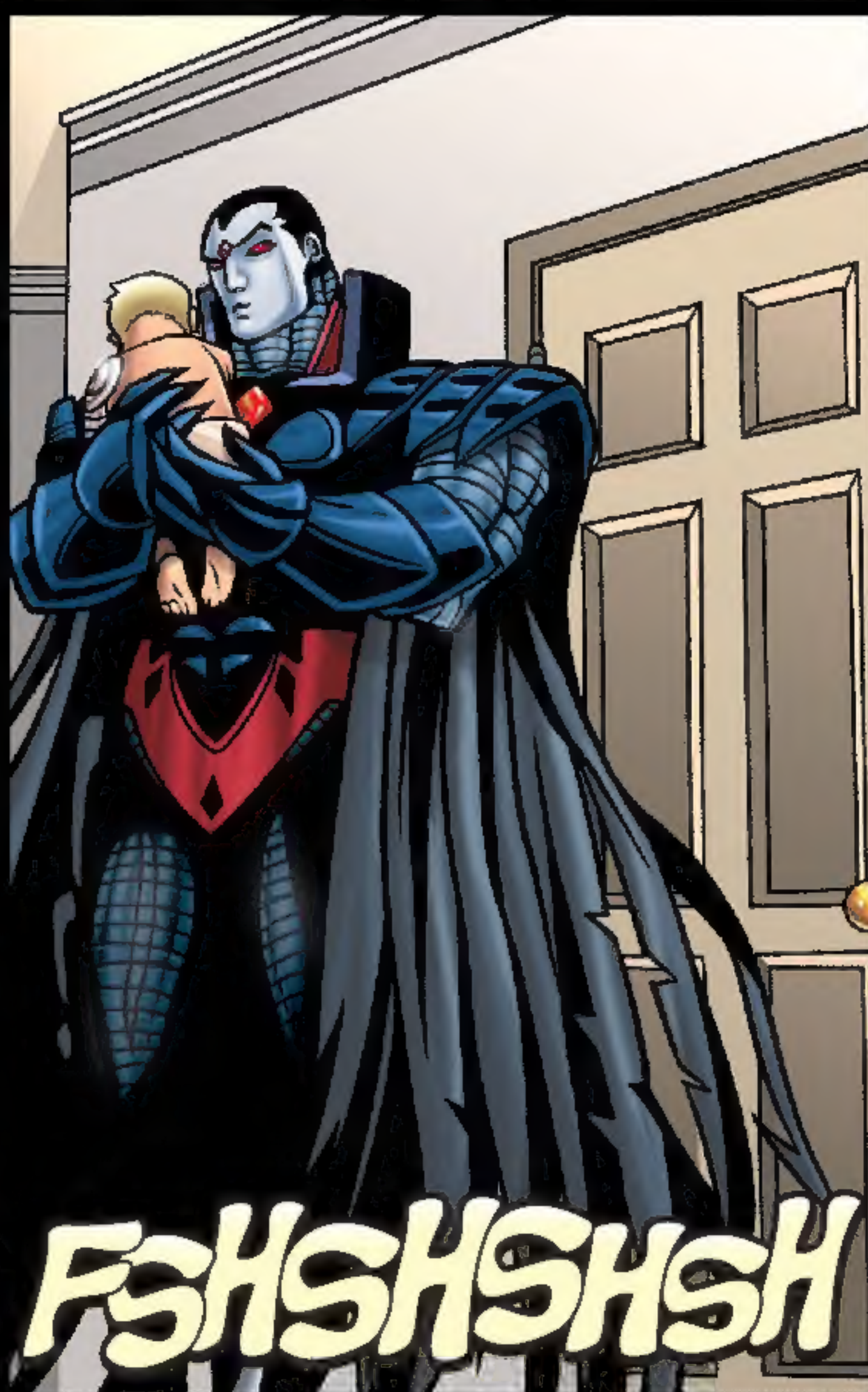
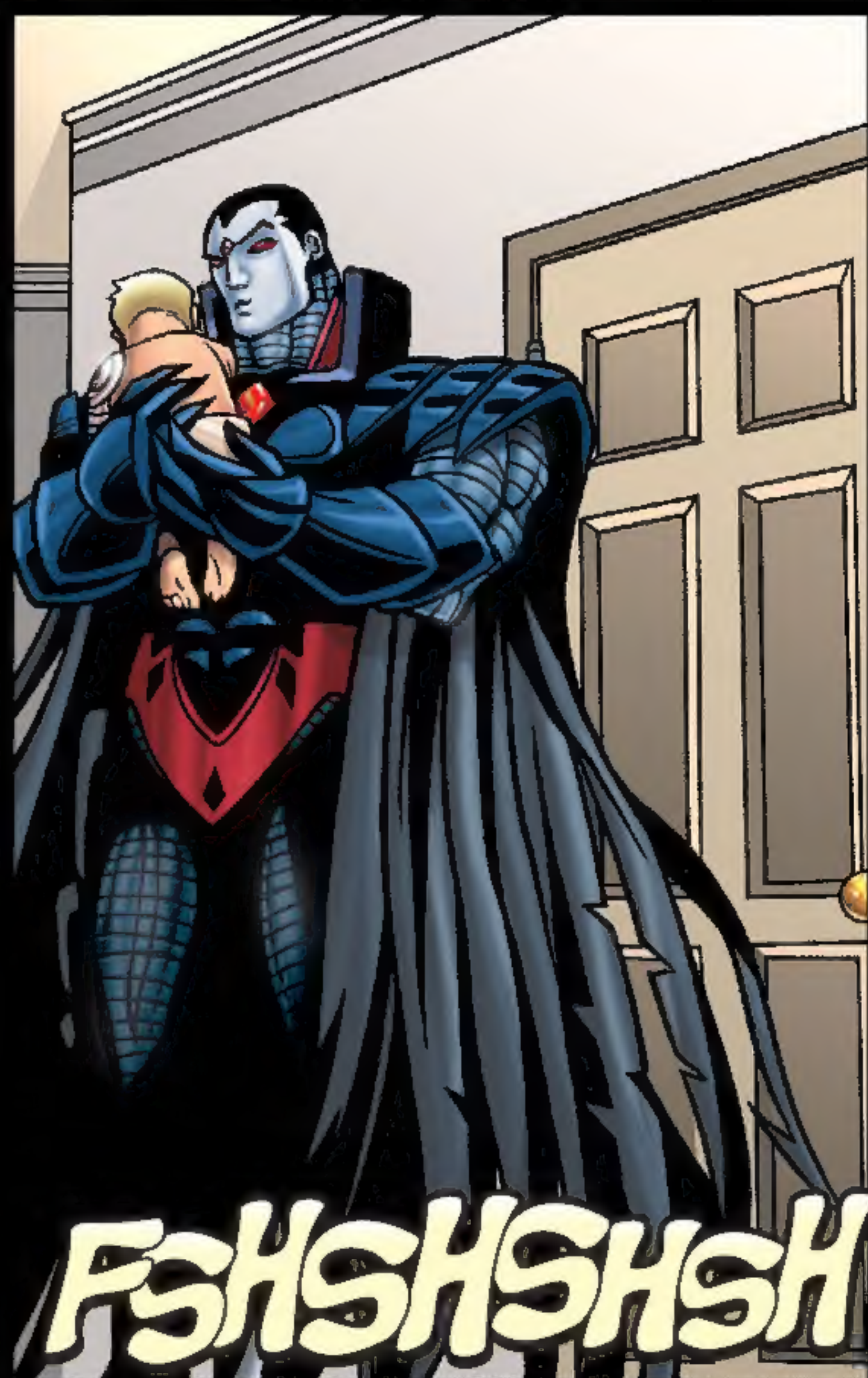


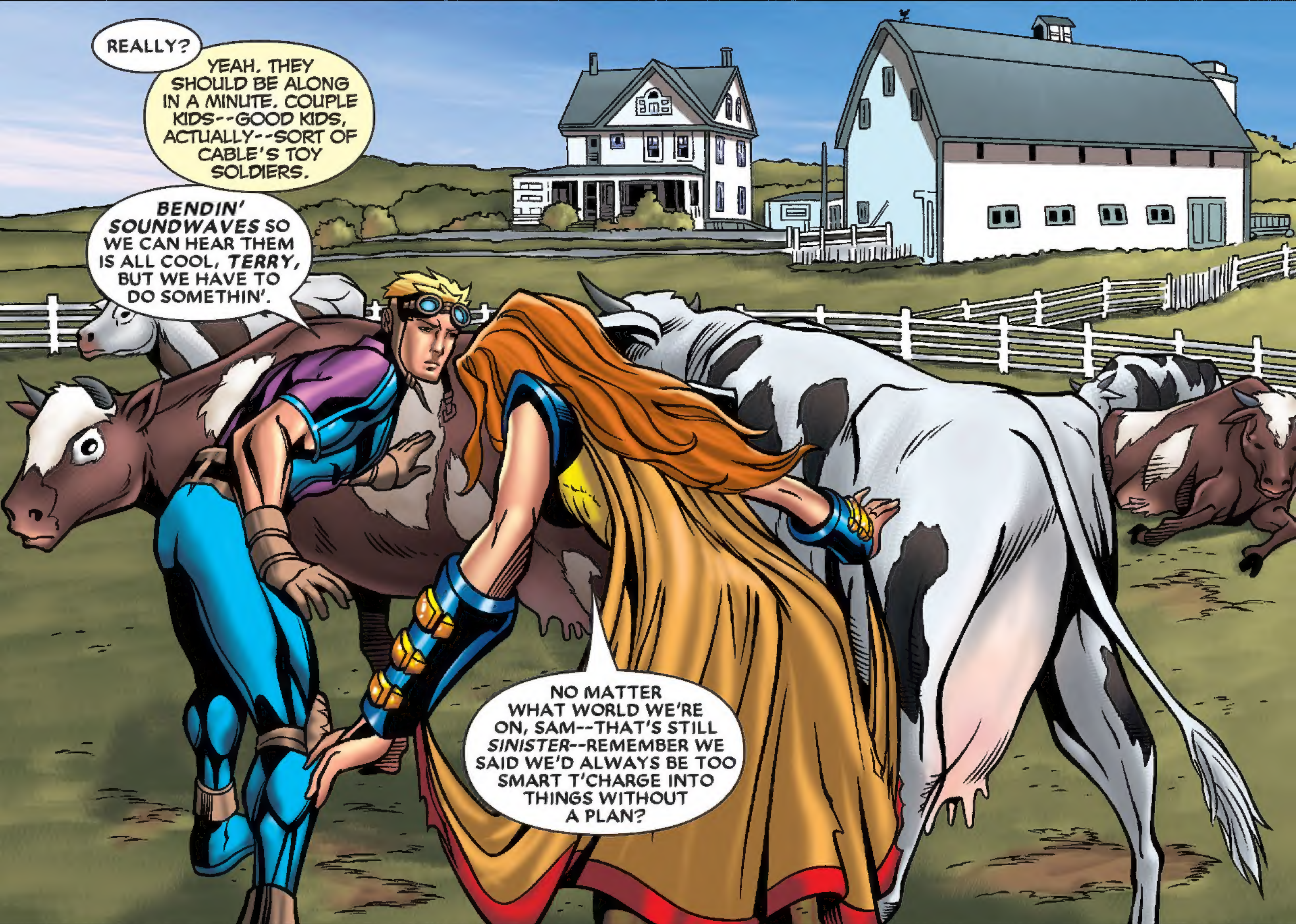
YES. SO...YOU WERE SEARCHING FOR--

FSHSHSHSH



FSHSHSHSH

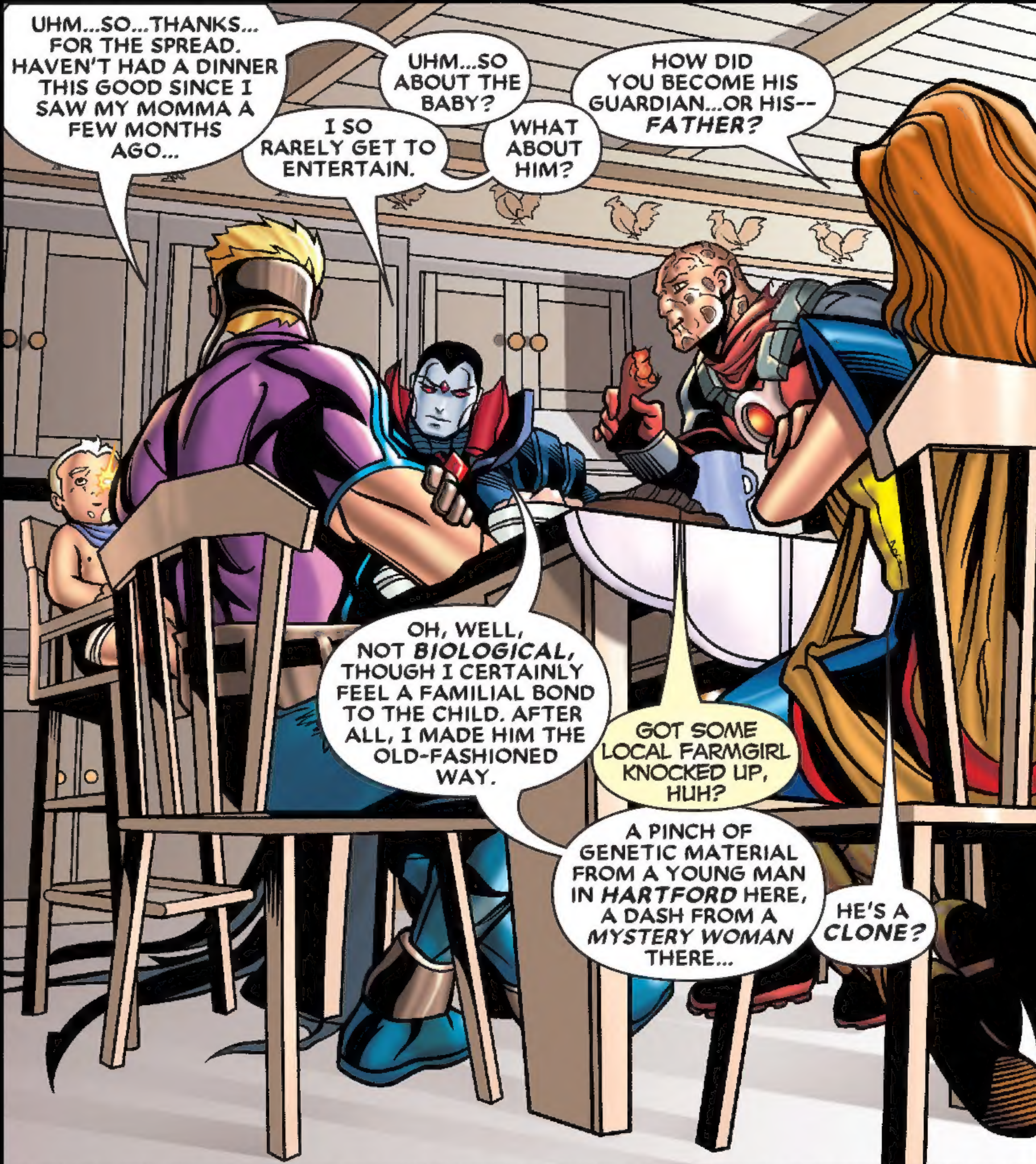






MAN,
GENETICALLY
MUTATED CHICKEN
TOTALLY ROCKS!

NO MATTER WHAT WORLD
YOU'RE ON, THE MIDWEST
SURE CAN PULL OFF
BARBECUE!



UHM...SO...THANKS...
FOR THE SPREAD.
HAVEN'T HAD A DINNER
THIS GOOD SINCE I
SAW MY MOMMA A
FEW MONTHS
AGO...

UHM...SO
ABOUT THE
BABY?

I SO
RARELY GET TO
ENTERTAIN.

WHAT
ABOUT
HIM?

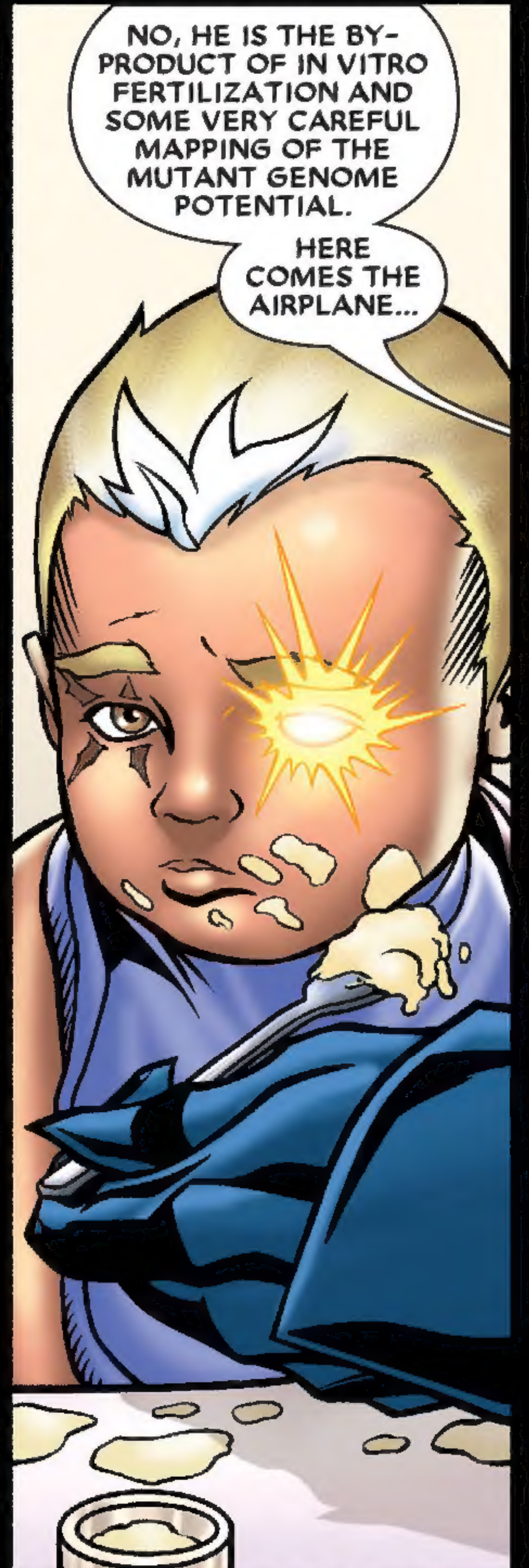
HOW DID
YOU BECOME HIS
GUARDIAN...OR HIS--
FATHER?

OH, WELL,
NOT **BIOLOGICAL**,
THOUGH I CERTAINLY
FEEL A FAMILIAL BOND
TO THE CHILD. AFTER
ALL, I MADE HIM THE
OLD-FASHIONED
WAY.

GOT SOME
LOCAL FARMGIRL
KNOCKED UP,
HUH?

A PINCH OF
GENETIC MATERIAL
FROM A YOUNG MAN
IN **HARTFORD** HERE,
A DASH FROM A
MYSTERY WOMAN
THERE...

HE'S A
CLONE?



NO, HE IS THE BY-
PRODUCT OF IN VITRO
FERTILIZATION AND
SOME VERY CAREFUL
MAPPING OF THE
MUTANT GENOME
POTENTIAL.

HERE
COMES THE
AIRPLANE...



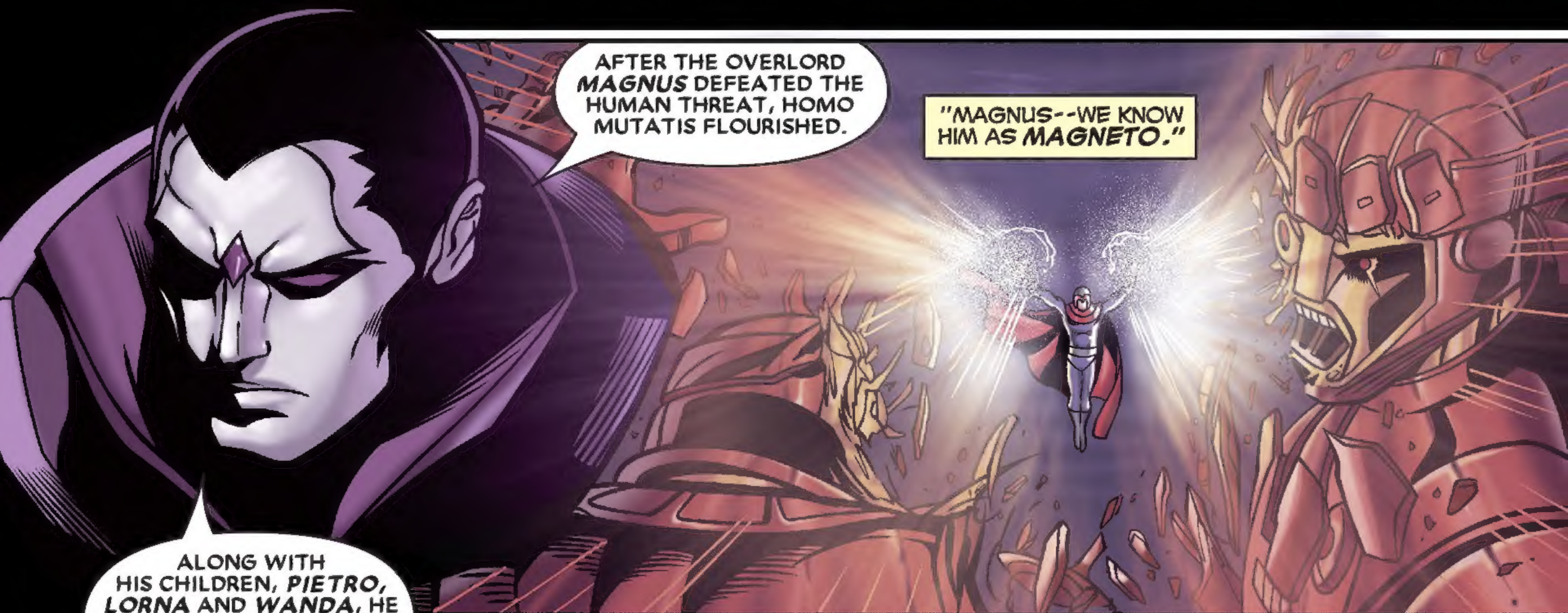
WHY?

BECAUSE THE WORLD HAS
ACHIEVED A HEIGHTENED
LEVEL OF **MUTAGENIC**
EVOLUTION FAR FASTER
THAN I HAD ORIGINALLY
PREDICTED THAT IT
WOULD.

I FIND SUCH
AN...ABERRATION...OF
MY THEORIES TO BE...
TROUBLING.



AND EVERY CHICKEN HAS LIKE
SIX DRUMSTICKS! I LOVE THIS
CRAZY, PASTY-FACED KOOK!

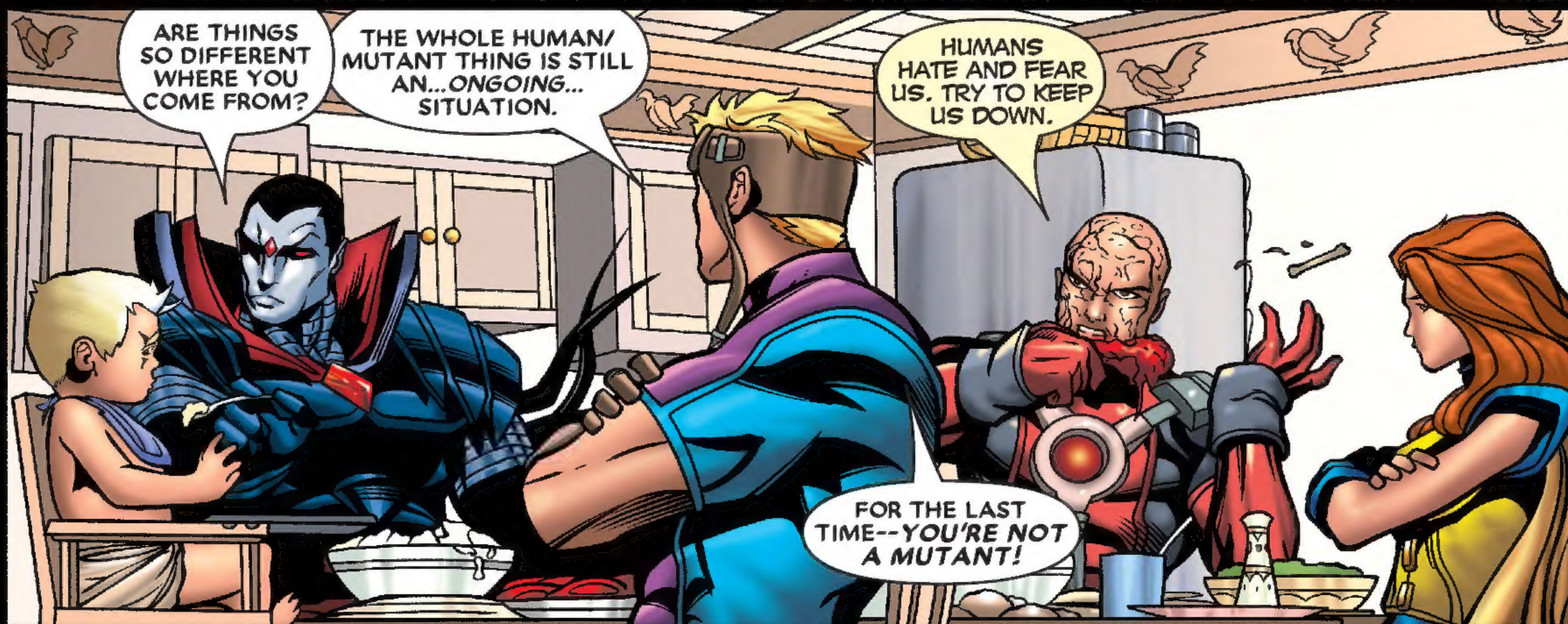
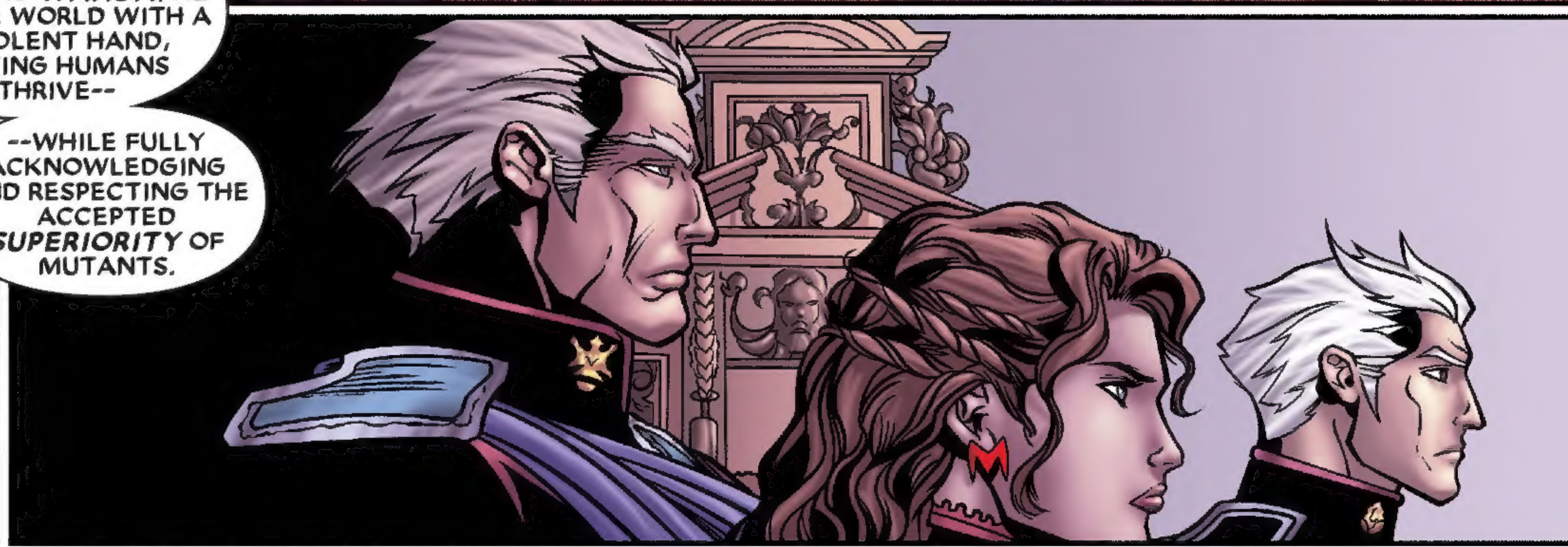


AFTER THE OVERLORD
MAGNUS DEFEATED THE
HUMAN THREAT, HOMO
MUTATIS FLOURISHED.

"MAGNUS--WE KNOW
HIM AS **MAGNETO**."

ALONG WITH
HIS CHILDREN, **PIETRO**,
LORNA AND **WANDA**, HE
RULES THE WORLD WITH A
BENEVOLENT HAND,
ALLOWING HUMANS
TO THRIVE--

--WHILE FULLY
ACKNOWLEDGING
AND RESPECTING THE
ACCEPTED
SUPERIORITY OF
MUTANTS.



ARE THINGS
SO DIFFERENT
WHERE YOU
COME FROM?

THE WHOLE HUMAN/
MUTANT THING IS STILL
AN...ONGOING...
SITUATION.

HUMANS
HATE AND FEAR
US. TRY TO KEEP
US DOWN.

FOR THE LAST
TIME--YOU'RE NOT
A MUTANT!



ACTUALLY,
HE IS.



A
SPHINCTER
SAYS WHAT?

YOU'RE
KIDDING...

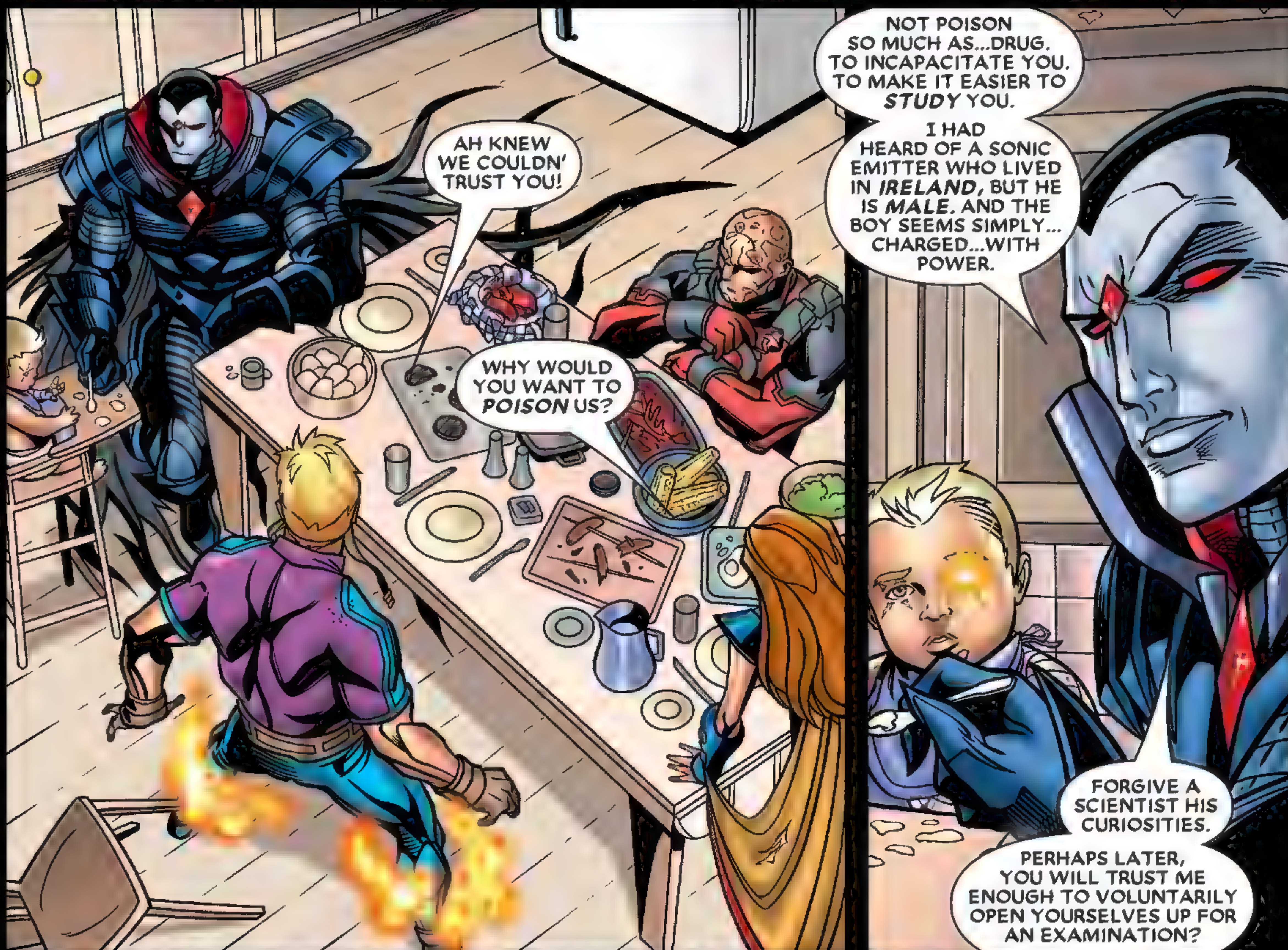


NO ONE SHOULD
BE ABLE TO INGEST AS
MUCH OF THIS FOOD
AS HE HAS AND STILL
BE CONSCIOUS...



...CONSIDERING THE AMOUNT OF BARBITURATES I LACED INTO THE BARBECUE SAUCE.

I THOUGHT IT TASTED TANGY.



AH KNEW WE COULDN' TRUST YOU!

WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO POISON US?

NOT POISON SO MUCH AS...DRUG. TO INCAPACITATE YOU. TO MAKE IT EASIER TO STUDY YOU.

I HAD HEARD OF A SONIC EMITTER WHO LIVED IN IRELAND, BUT HE IS MALE. AND THE BOY SEEMS SIMPLY... CHARGED...WITH POWER.

FORGIVE A SCIENTIST HIS CURIOSITIES.

PERHAPS LATER, YOU WILL TRUST ME ENOUGH TO VOLUNTARILY OPEN YOURSELVES UP FOR AN EXAMINATION?



SURE, MAYBE AFTER DESSERT...

HEY, IF DESSERT IS AS GOOD AS THIS, THEN YOU CAN EXAMINE ME!

EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT A HIGHFALUTIN MUTANT.



JUST GOT THIS THING WHERE EVERY CELL IN MY BODY REGENERATES ITSELF ON A PERPETUAL BASIS--

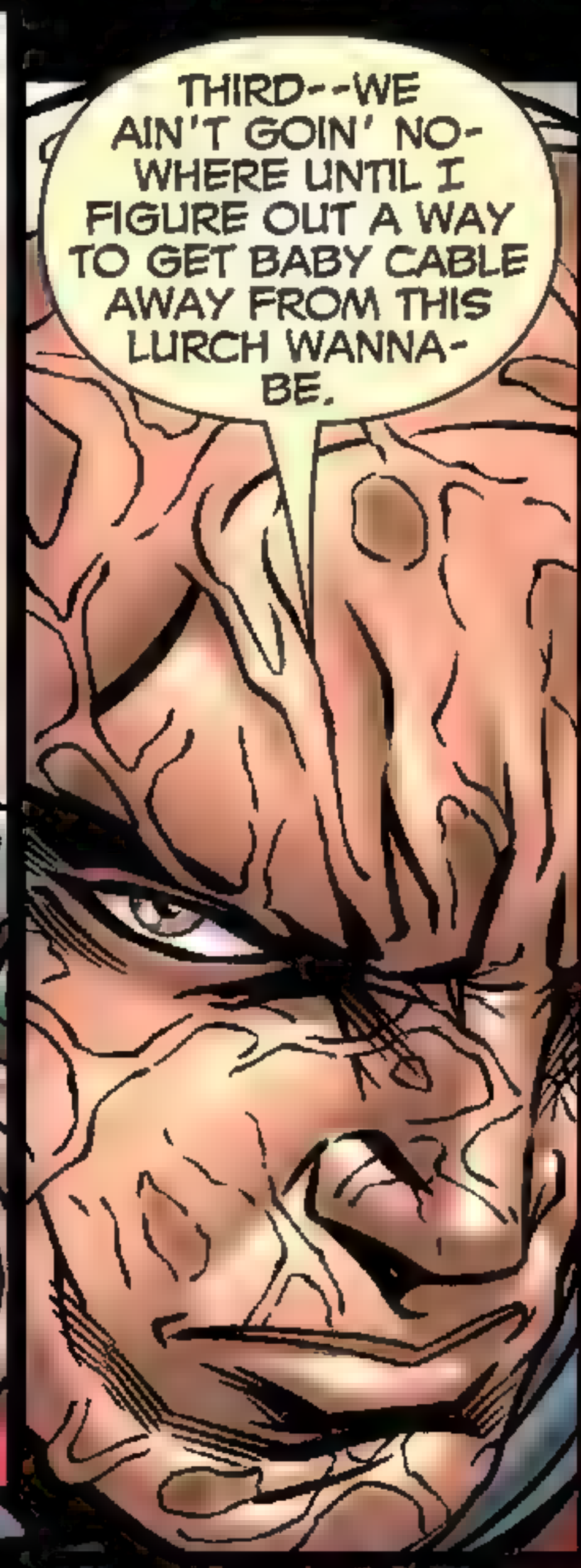
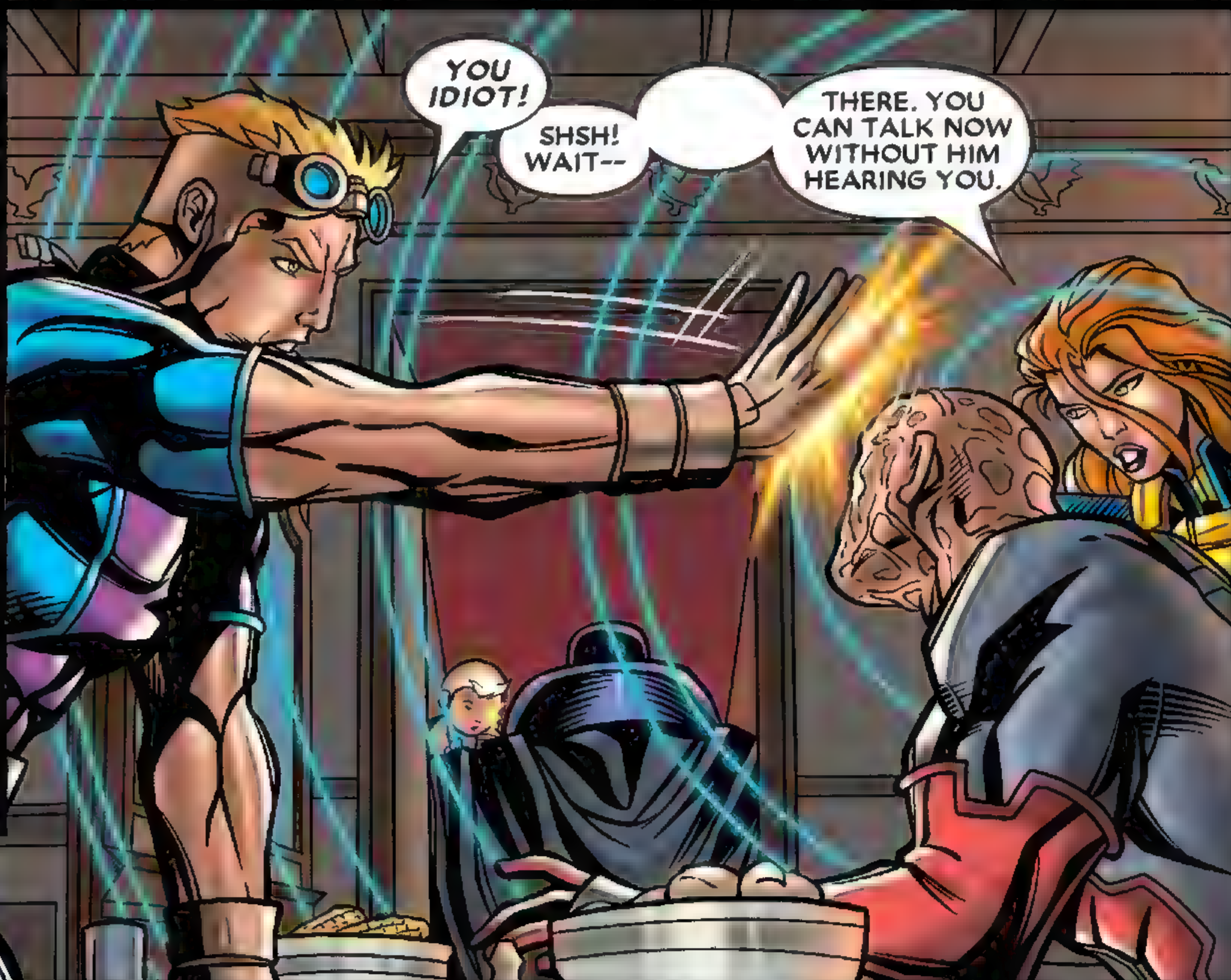
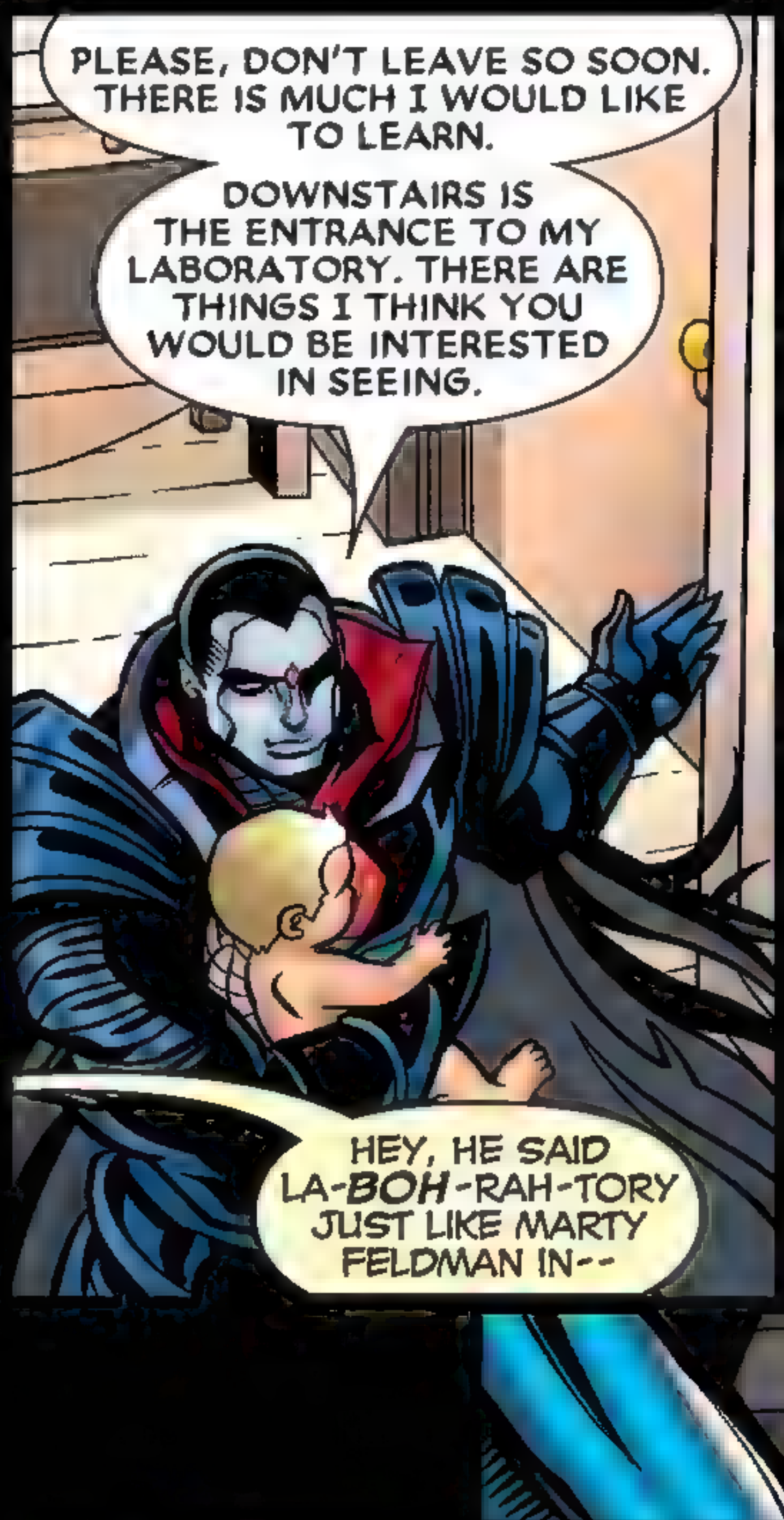
--SO STUFF LIKE POISON OR BAD SUSHI DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO AFFECT ME.



HOW VERY FASCINATING. I CERTAINLY WOULD BE INTERESTED IN *DISSECTING* YOU LATER.

OKAY.

WE WON'T BE HERE LONG ENOUGH, WADE. WE HAVE TO GO...



I HAVE SPENT A LIFETIME--SEVERAL LIFETIMES, ACTUALLY--TRYING TO UNDERSTAND AND PREDICT HOW GENETICS WILL SHAPE MANKIND.

FROM HERE, I CAN ACCESS TENS OF THOUSANDS OF CAREFULLY STORED DNA SAMPLES, WHILE USING MY TESSERACT CONDUITS FOR INSTANTANEOUS TRANSPORT TO ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET.

SO--WHAT WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE?

WESTCHESTER. YEAH...AH'D BE CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT THAT'S LIKE.

YOU WANNA THINK HE'S SINCERE. SURE. SYRUPY SMOOTH VOICE LACED WITH RAZOR BLADES.

POLITE AND GIVING YOU THE BEST CORN BREAD YOU'VE EVER HAD ONE MINUTE, USING IT TO DRUG YOU THE NEXT.

AN' NONE OF THAT EVEN BUGS ME AS MUCH...

...AS MUCH AS SEEN' WHAT HE IS ALL ABOUT--DOORWAYS TO EVERYWHERE, BEAKERS, VIALS, PETRI DISHES, JIGGLING BOWLS OF JELLO--

--OKAY, I THINK THAT REALLY IS A BOWL OF JELLO--

--ALL OF IT PUT TOGETHER ADDS UP TO ONE THING: COUNTLESS POSSIBILITIES.

AN' I LOOK AT BABY NATE, THINK OF WHAT HIS LIFE WAS LIKE ON ALL THOSE OTHER WORLDS--AN' I WONDER. WHAT COULD HE BE HERE?

WHAT SHOULD HE BE HERE--OR ANYWHERE, FOR THAT MATTER?

THIS WILL BRING YOU TO WESTCHESTER. GETTING BACK MIGHT BE MORE DIFFICULT.

IF YOU GET IN TROUBLE, CALL ME. OTHERWISE, WHEN I DECIDE TO 'PORT OUT OF HERE, YOU'LL BE THREE MINUTES BEHIND.

YOUR CELL PHONE CARRIER WORKS HERE?

WADE--

YO, FARMBOY, JOKES ARE MY JOB.

SO...

SO.
YOU MEAN TO TAKE THE CHILD FROM ME.

GOT ANY GOOD REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T?

WELL, TO BEGIN WITH, YOU HAVE NO WEAPONS.

YEAH, BUT I'VE SEEN EVERY JACKIE CHAN MOVIE AND HI-KARATE COMMERCIAL EVER MADE!

AND SECOND OF ALL...I MEAN THE CHILD NO HARM.

INDEED, I FULLY EXPECT HE WILL ONE DAY BECOME THE HEART, SOUL AND SAVIOR OF THIS ENTIRE PLANET!

WITH YOU AS HIS FATHER?

WITH WORLD HISTORY AS HIS TUTOR!

THE THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS, FEARS AND HOPES OF EVERY LIVING BEING ON EARTH AS HIS MORAL GUIDE!

THE POWER TO MOLD ATOMS AS HIS CLAY!

IN THIRTY YEARS, THIS WORLD WILL RUPTURE ITSELF!

IF THE SPAWN OF MAGNUS INHERIT CONTROL, IT IS AN INEVITABILITY THAT SOMEONE WILL SEEK TO OVERTHROW THEM--

--AND IF HOMO SAPIENS HAVE NOT BEEN COMPLETELY PRUNED FROM THE GENETIC TREE--

--THEY WILL FOMENT DESPERATE TERRORIST ACTS THAT WOULD CREATE A CONFLAGRATION THAT WILL CONSUME THIS PLANET!

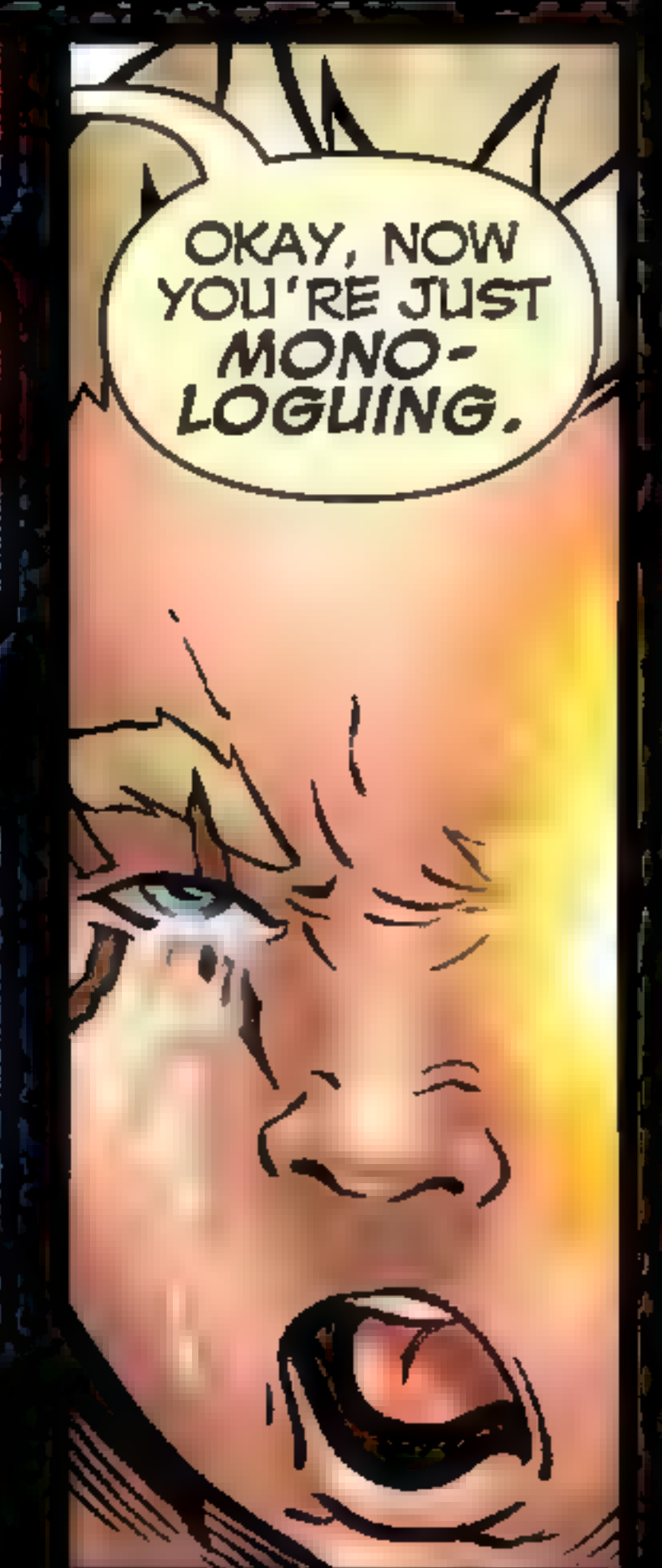
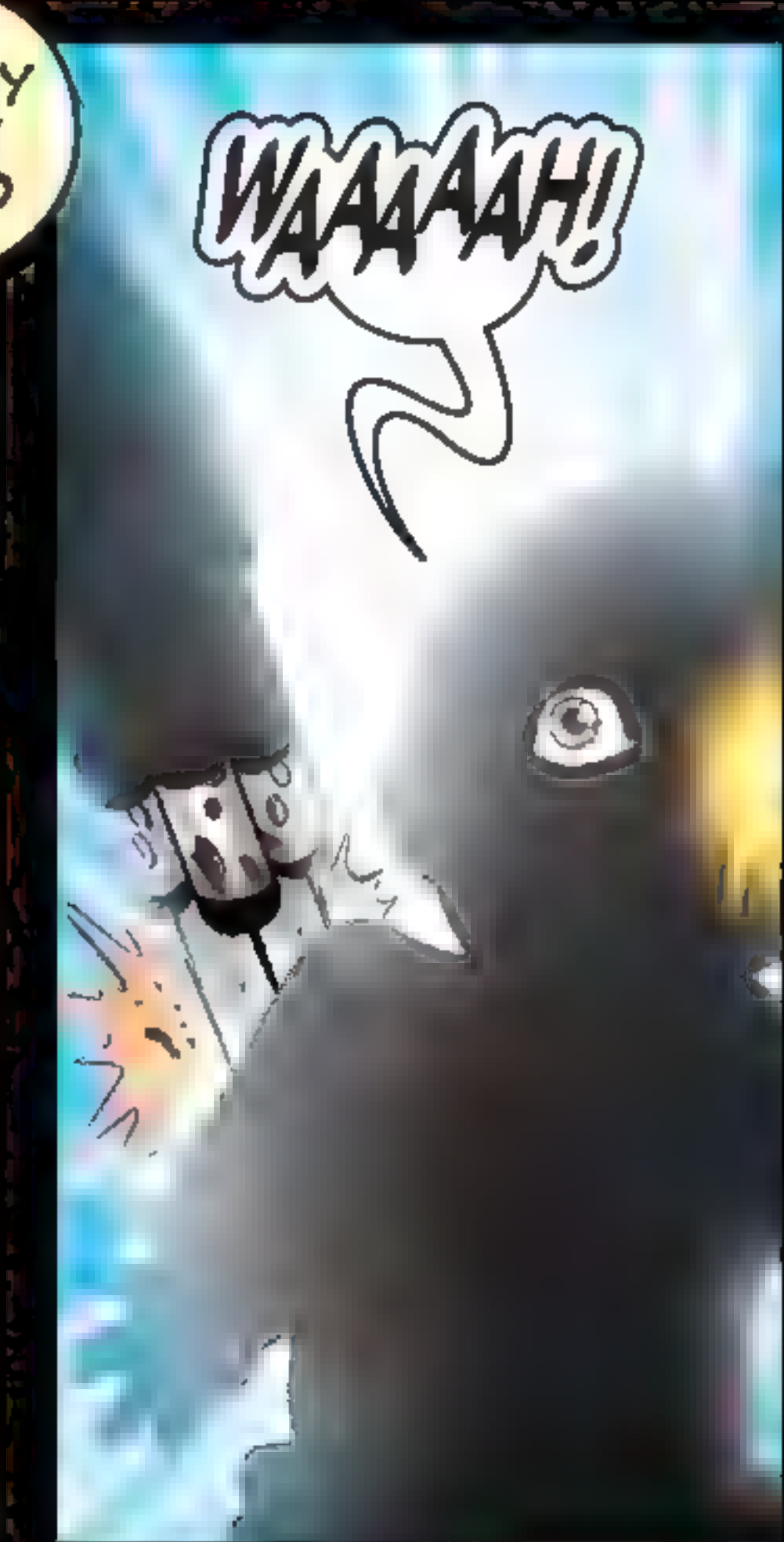
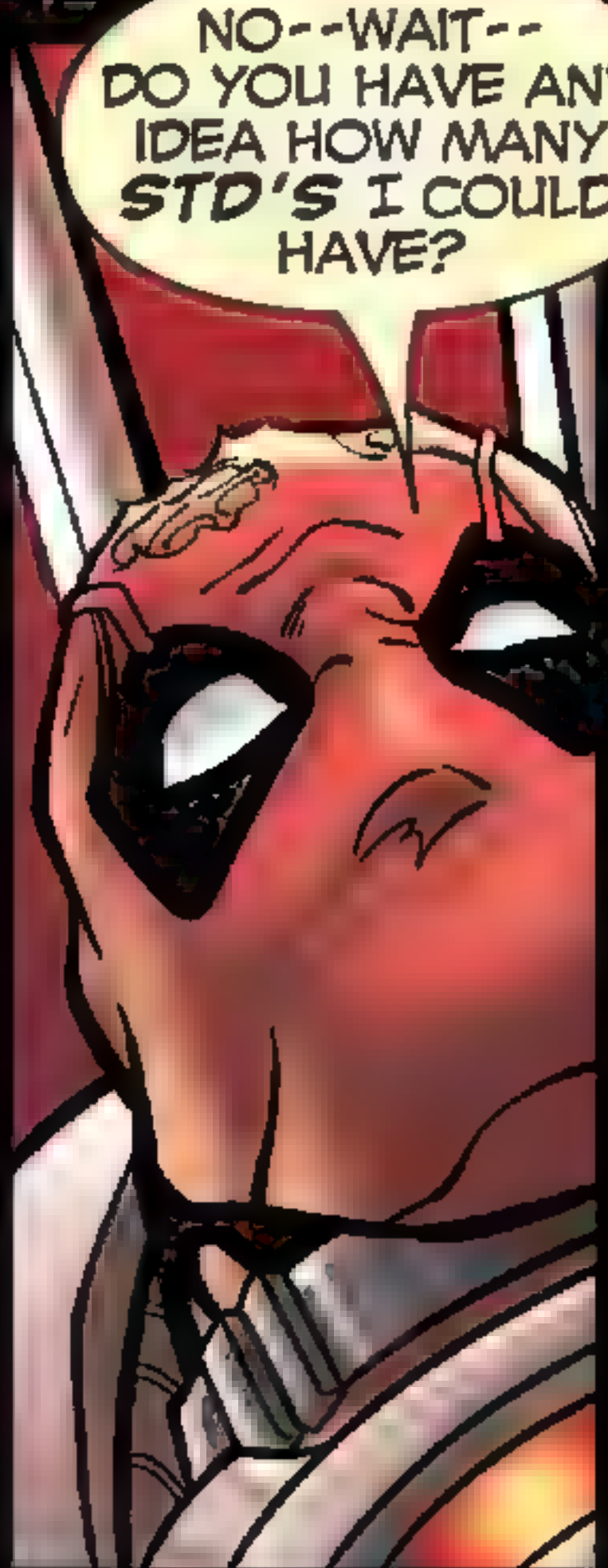
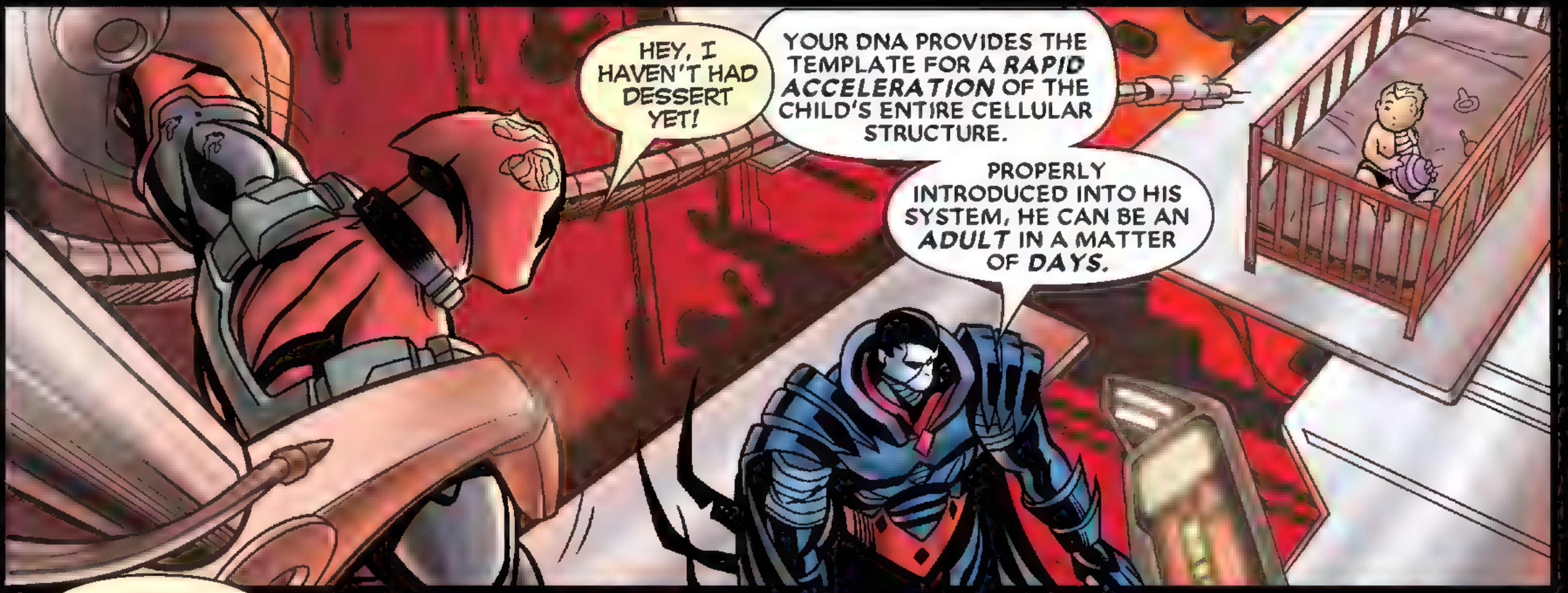
AND YOU PLANNED TO WAIT FOR NATE TO GROW UP TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM?

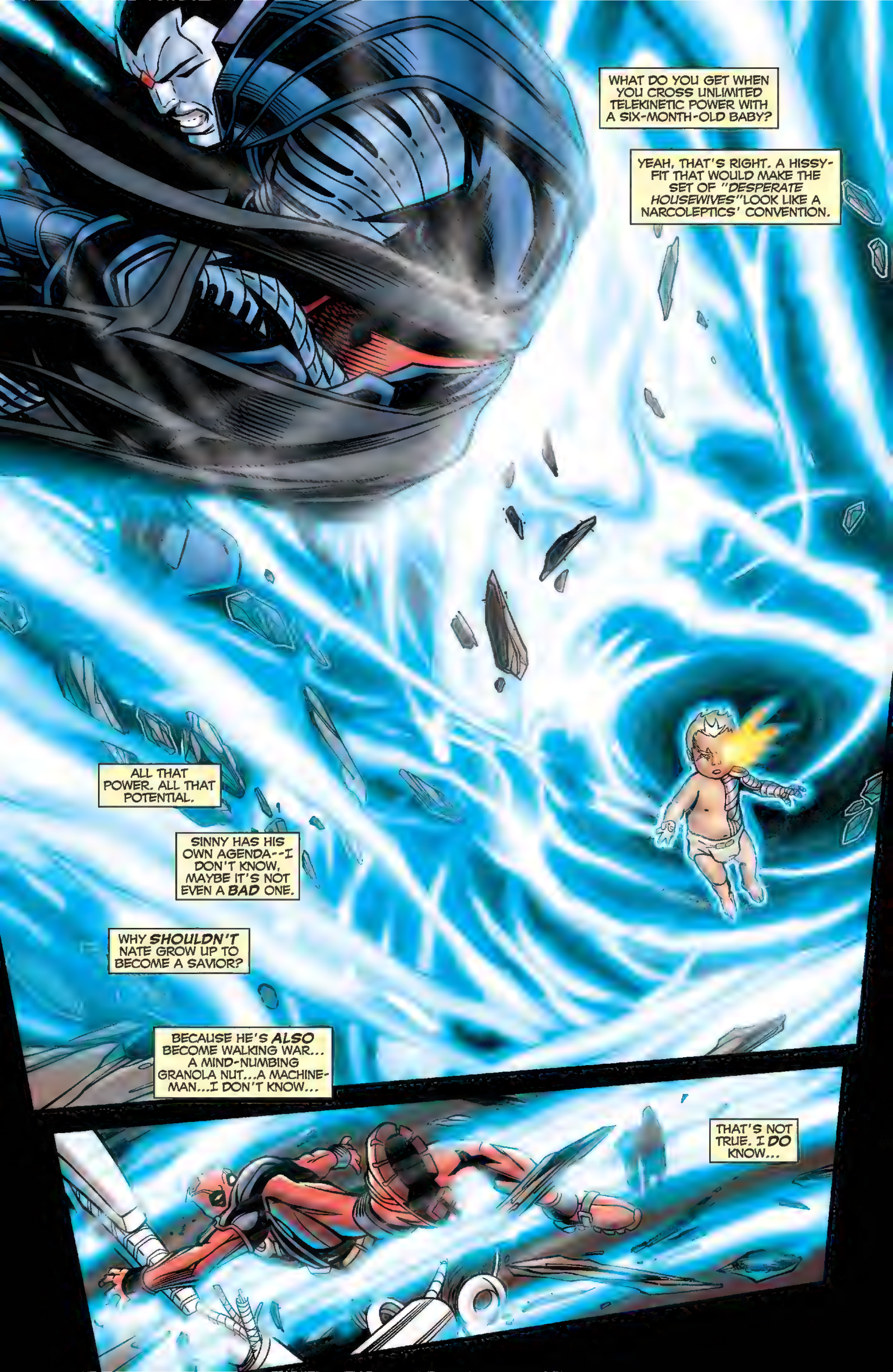
I HAD...

WAAAAHHHRRRR

...BUT YOUR PRESENCE HAS ALLOWED ME TO... ACCELERATE MY PLANS.

OW!





WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN
YOU CROSS UNLIMITED
TELEKINETIC POWER WITH
A SIX-MONTH-OLD BABY?

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. A HISSY-
FIT THAT WOULD MAKE THE
SET OF "DESPERATE
HOUSEWIVES" LOOK LIKE A
NARCOLEPTICS' CONVENTION.

ALL THAT
POWER. ALL THAT
POTENTIAL.

SINNY HAS HIS
OWN AGENDA--I
DON'T KNOW,
MAYBE IT'S NOT
EVEN A **BAD** ONE.

WHY **SHOULDN'T**
NATE GROW UP TO
BECOME A SAVIOR?

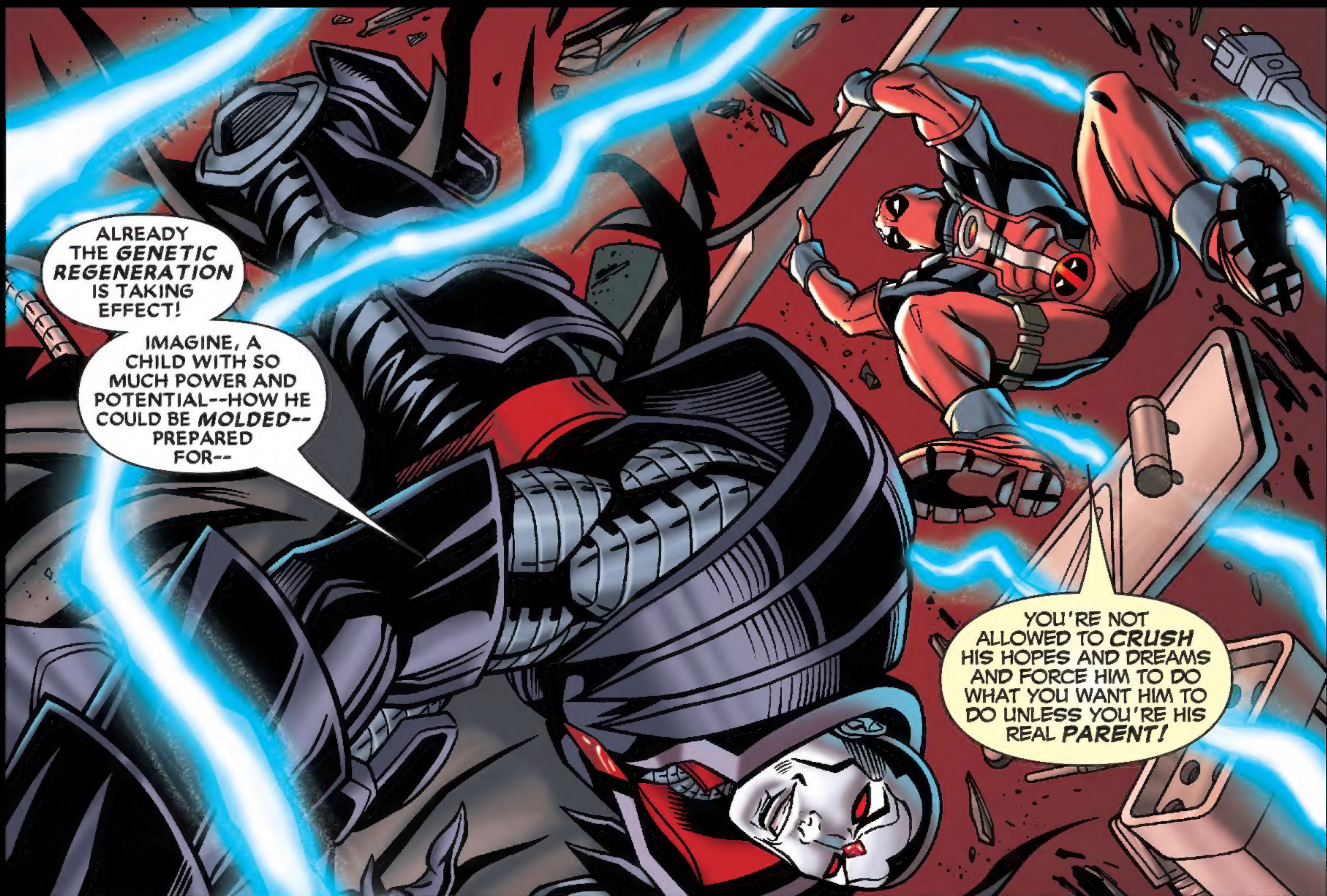
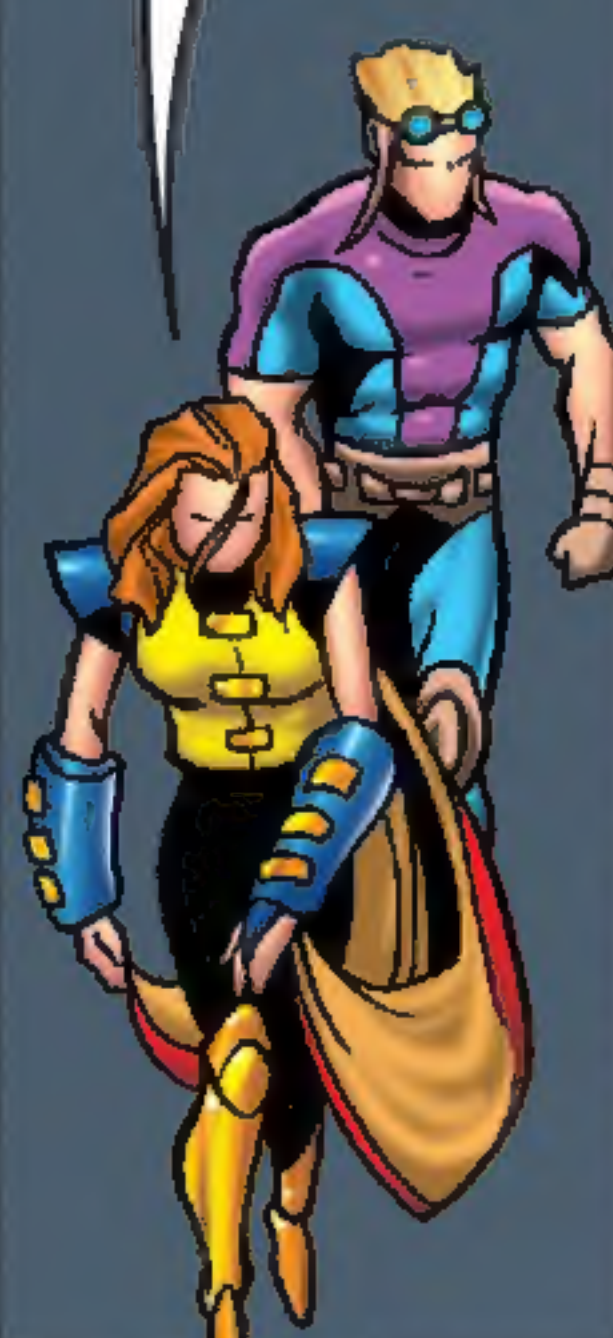
BECAUSE HE'S **ALSO**
BECOME WALKING WAR...
A MIND-NUMBING
GRANOLA NUT...A MACHINE-
MAN...I DON'T KNOW...

THAT'S NOT
TRUE. I **DO**
KNOW...

I JUST HOPE
TERRY AN'
HICK-A-BILLY
AIN'T ENJOYIN'
THEMSELVES
TOO MUCH...

I SEE IT,
TERRY--LORD
HELP US...I
SEE IT...

SAM--?

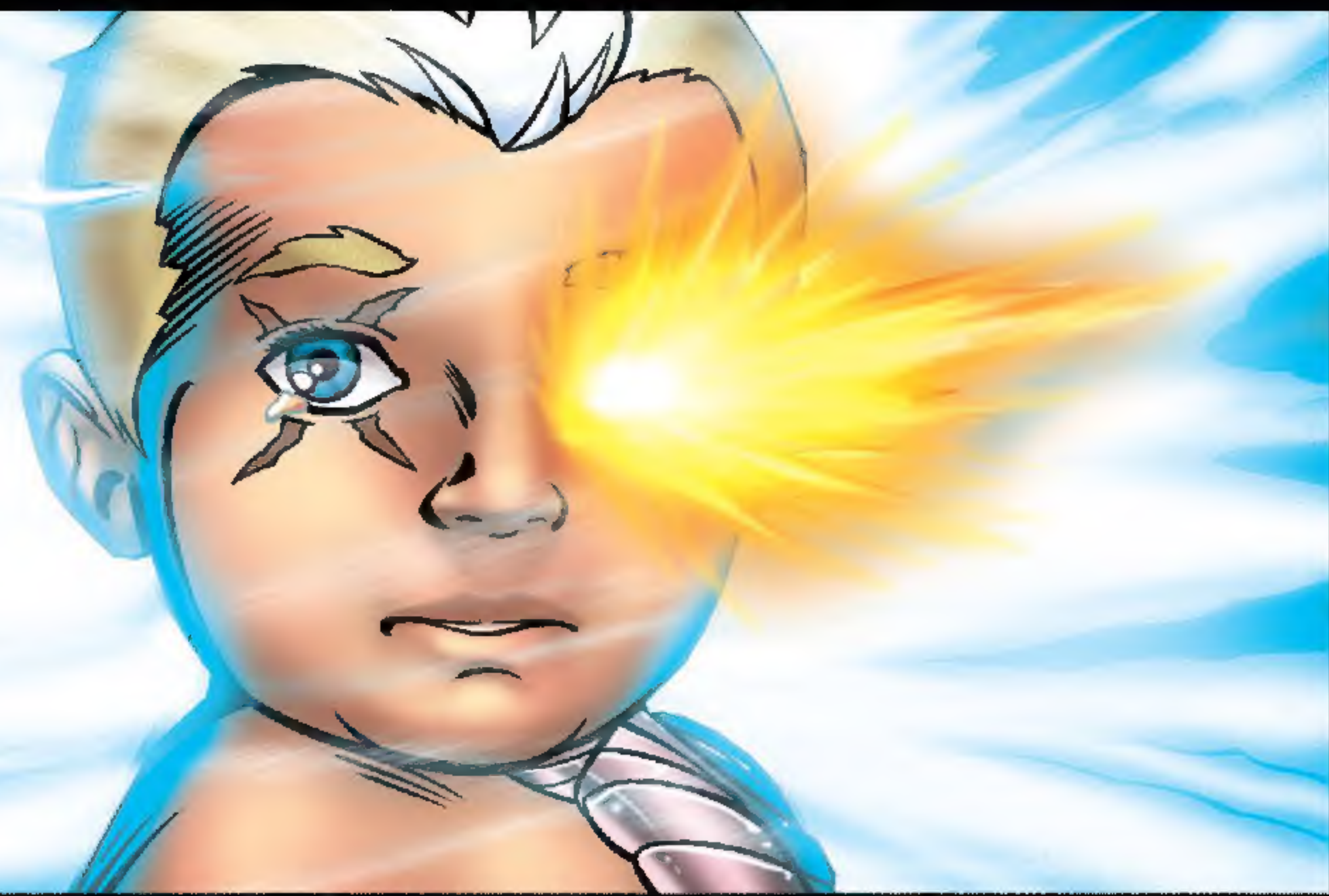


ALREADY
THE **GENETIC**
REGENERATION
IS TAKING
EFFECT!

IMAGINE, A
CHILD WITH SO
MUCH POWER AND
POTENTIAL--HOW HE
COULD BE **MOLDED**--
PREPARED
FOR--

YOU'RE NOT
ALLOWED TO **CRUSH**
HIS HOPES AND DREAMS
AND FORCE HIM TO DO
WHAT YOU WANT HIM TO
DO UNLESS YOU'RE HIS
REAL **PARENT!**

HE NEEDS
SOMEONE WHO'LL
LOVE HIM AND TEACH
HIM HOW TO SHOOT A GUN
AND ONLY SHOW HIM
THE **GOOD PORN!**





SOMEONE LIKE ME!
BODYSLIDE BY TWO!

NO! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!

OKAY, HOW COME I'M NOT FADING AWAY HERE...



GUSHKT!

THAT CHILD WAS DESIGNED TO SERVE AS THE WELL-SPRING FOR ALL THE POWER HOMO MUTATIS COULD EVER HOPE TO ACHIEVE!



IN THE WRONG HANDS, HE COULD BECOME A MONSTER--OR WORSE--INSIGNIFICANT!

YEAH... HEAVEN FORBID HE GETS A CHANCE T'JUST GROW UP AS A NORMAL KID...

BODYSLIDE BY TWO!



NORMAL? WHAT IS NORMAL? IN A WORLD WHERE MUTANTS OUT-NUMBER HUMANS?

WHERE NORMAL BENDS STEEL IN BARE HANDS...

BODYSLIDE BY TWO!

HELLOOO--?

I SHOULD BE ON THE NEXT WORLD BY NOW...

PERHAPS THE DRUGS I INTRODUCED INTO YOUR SYSTEM ARE HAVING AN EFFECT AFTER ALL...?

NOW LET US SEE IF YOUR HEALING ABILITIES CAN WITHSTAND BEING TORN INTO SEVERAL PIECES...

NO--SON OF A--YOU ARE NOT GETTING THIS KID...

...BODYSLIDE BY TWO, I SAID!

WHY AM I STILL HERE?





SON OF ULTRON